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Original Poetry.

HOME.
EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY E. H. COGGINS.

When the ranger treads in the far off west,
To rouse the deer from his wild flower bed,
On the lone green prairie, unsheltered, to rest,
Or deep in the mountainous snows to tread—
When the mariner turns with a tearful eye,
To leave the spot where his loved ones dwell,
To sail where the boisterous winds are high,
And the foaming waters tempestuous swell;
They think of the homes they have left behind,
That thought is a balm to the sorrowing mind,
And in all their moments of danger and fear,
In the perilous hour of need,
They look to the time when their homes shall appear
As a rapturous moment indeed.

The Indian stands by his father's grave,
And the sun wanders up from the eastern wave,
Consuming the clouds with his burning light,
As the strangers come in their fearful might,
Consuming the Indian's powerless race;
Or sweeping him far from his resting place.
His brothers are perishing one by one,
As the iceberg in the sun;
And will the tide from the east rolls on
With its merciless decree.
His childhood's home and his father's tomb,
The hunting ground that his soul reveres,
Are all consigned to the same dark doom,
The white man's triumph, the Indian's tears.
But the gloom pervading each thought at these,
Departs at the vision his spirit sees—
For he turns his gaze to the arching sky,
And the shadowy clouds of the more divide,
While a scene too bright for his wondering eye,
Gleams in the splendor of Heaven's own pride;
'Tis the hunting ground of the spirit land,
Where angel maidens repose and smile,
Where fragrant groves in the zephyrs bland,
Wave o'er the chieftains who linger the while,
And the heart of the Indian more cheerfully beats,
As far to the wilds of the west he retreats.

The hope of a living and endless rest,
Like sunshine warming the earth's wide breast,
Is sent to the suffering souls of men,
To drive despair to his gloomy den.
And he whose power, is virtue's charm,
Discerns the starlight through the storm,
A gushing fount in the desert path,
A flower for every thorn,
An offer of peace in the frown of wrath,
A triumph for those who mourn,
Oh cheerfulness from the Heaven bright home,
We summon thee down on the earth below—
Blest be the time when thy spirit shall come,
And every heart with thy light shall glow.

Original Tales.

TOO PROUD TO MARRY
A School Mistress.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

There is a beautiful little dell, opening down to the shore, on the west side of Lake Canandaigua, and cradling a clear and playful stream in its course to the lake. A few years ago the fantastic goddess of romance might have delighted to build her shadowy castle just where that dell opened to the green shore, and the ever sounding flood. From the steep hillsides swept a thousand beautiful greens, spangled and intermixed with flowers of every hue, and the soft ring-doves congregated in that delightful spot, adding the enchantment of their glancing wings, and pensive notes, to the witchery of valley, rock, and water. Just where the bright sward met the pebbly beach, lay a large square rock, covered with moss, overshadowed by water poplar, and embowered in thick green willows. It was sweet to recline there, in the very bosom of beauty, where sweet sights, and sounds, and sensations, filled the whole soul with happiness.

It was the last day of June. The sun was low, and the wavy shadow of the crested hills lay softly in that fairy amphitheatre, while the slanting rays danced upon the quiet lake in a thousand glittering pageants of gold and purple glory.

Within the willow bower, on the moss-cushioned rock, sat a young girl, with eyes like the blue lake before her, and face and form combining the spirits of all the loveliness around her. She was simply dressed, and there was no glitter of ornament amid her shining brown hair; but the immortal gems of mental wealth shone on her brow with a holy lustre; and soul, and piety, marked every look and motion. It was evident, to a casual observer, that she was a true woman; gentle, yet firm; tender, yet strong to endure; yielding to all legitimate authority, yet throwing back the assumptions of tyranny, and the encroachments of all impurity; as the eternal rock throws back upon itself the broken billow.

She looked along the lake with a sad and anxious expression, and at intervals put her kerchief to her eyes, to dry the tears that dimmed her vision. One would hardly have supposed that she was waiting for a lover, yet when a light skiff appeared rounding a headland, just below her bower, the sudden light that flashed from her cheeks, lips, and eyes, betrayed her heart's interest in him who urged it over the bright expanse toward her. She rose as he approached, and he rested awhile upon his oar, as if spell-bound by admiration. He was a tall, well formed man, apparently twenty-five years of age, his features were handsome; his hair dark, and curling; and his eyes expressive, and uncommonly beautiful. But there was pervading his whole person, a spirit of pride, or haughtiness, which detracted much from the interest of his appearance. He moored his boat, and sprang to the side of the young girl, whose hand he prest fondly to his lips.

The very soul of love beamed forth in her tender smile, revealing the depth of a heart, filled to overflowing with all generous and sweet emotions.

They sat down together, and earnest and tender were their words; at length the conversation became more grave, and apparently of a painful character. The light in the young maiden's eye, went slowly out; and a shadow of deep sorrow and doubt came over her beautiful face; her head drooped, and her form seemed reft of its youthful vigor. He was saying that his parents disapproved of his devotion to her.

"And what do they lay to my charge?" she asked, in tremulous tones.

"Nothing," he replied; "only your father is poor."

A lightning flash shot from her eye, and a deep flush came up to her forehead.

"I could wish," he continued, "that your family was more respectable; have you no rich relations?"

She rose to her feet, so changed in the expression of her whole person, that it was hardly possible to recognize in her the gentle loving girl of the previous moments. "No rich relations?" she repeated, in a tone of withering scorn. "And you wish that I were more respectably connected! 'Tis enough. I now understand much that has been to me mysterious; I see your naked heart. You are pleased with my person, and yet your pride revolts at my poverty. You do not like to connect yourself with a family which has not a *golden* title of respectability. It is well; but suffer me to assure you before we part, that I deem myself more than your equal in all that constitutes true respectability. There is no stain on the honor of my family that I should wish to exchange my name for yours."

"Do not be so bitterly offended," he replied. "I do love you wholly and devotedly; I feel that without you life would be a very desert; but indeed I am almost too proud to marry a school mistress."

"Do not distress yourself about it," she replied, with calm irony. "There is no necessity of your so demeaning yourself. It is time for me to go home."

He caught her hand, "Myra! Myra! he cried, earnestly, do not let us part in anger. I can never love another as I love you. My heart is breaking, and yet"—

"And yet," she repeated, "your pride must be appeased at the price of your happiness. I too am proud, and shall never suffer myself to be insulted again by your ungentlemanlike conversation. Good night!" And she walked proudly up the bank of the lake, and soon disappeared amid the clustering wild plumbs and grapes, that formed the underwood of the dark oak forest. He gazed after her with straining eye, and agonized expression of countenance; and when he could no longer perceive her white dress amid the foliage, he sprang into his boat and paddled hastily away. About a mile down the lake he landed, and strode through an orchard of fine fruit trees, to a large and commodious farm house, into which he entered, and dropping on the nearest seat, bowed forward and rested his face in his hands.

"Where have you been now, Ed.," asked a buxom barefooted girl, accompanying her question with a most unpleasant smile.

"Tracking the school ma'am, I dare say," observed a little caustic looking old man. "If you cannot possibly live without her, do bring her home, and let your mother larn her a little housekeeping, at least so much that she can cook you a dinner, for I don't believe they ever have any thing to cook at Howard's."

"I wish I had her under my thumb about six months," screamed the mother, a tall bony woman, with sharp eyes and nose; "I warrant you I'd rub some of her gloss off amongst the wash tubs, and pots and kettles. Edward would soon cease to worship her when he saw her all crock, and grease, sweating in her awkward endeavors to do up the work."

"Say no more about her I beseech you," cried Edward, in a voice of agony. "I have seen her, and we are parted forever."

"Then you are a fool" earnestly exclaimed a youth apparently seventeen. "If you are my elder brother I must say you are a fool, if you have thrown away such a treasure as Myra Howard. I have often prayed that if I lived to think of marrying, I might find just such a girl as she, who would love me as I am sure she loves, or has loved you. The first man in America would have no cause to blush in presenting her to his friend, as his wife, and the poorest man would find her a helper and consoler. Notwithstanding all her accomplishments, she can work, and my sister would have cause to blush, at the neat and quiet manner in which Myra does her housework. I have been at Mr. Howard's often, and I know how she keeps house. Her mother is never well, and Myra does all the hard work and takes care of her little brothers, and keeps them clean and tidy; besides always being at school in good season, and keeping over hours. She does not find it necessary to go racketing about, looking like a scare crow all day to do housework for a small family. No man need to blush for her, or her parents, they are honest people, well educated, genteel, and true hearted Christians. I tell you Edward that you will never find a woman on earth, who can be to you all that Myra could and would have been."

Edward Morris groaned aloud, and went up to his chamber, and all night long he was heard moaning and muttering, and pacing his room with irregular footsteps. His distress moved even the worldly hearts of his parents, and bitterly did they regret a course of conduct which had evidently broken a young, and but for the instilled errors of education, a noble heart.

Myra Howard, when she left her offending lover so haughtily, felt herself supported by the native dignity of woman, which even in the weakest of the sex is able to overcome man's presumption, and force him to feel the superiority of innocence—while it endows her gentle heart with firmness and power of endurance, at which she herself wonders, when the crisis is past. Poor Myra! She no sooner reached the precincts of her father's humble dwelling than her supernatural strength gave way. She paused and looked back, as if she expected to see Edward near her. Then fell the sense of desolation which can come but once to the human heart, and so coming, untunes its highest harmony forever. She trembled violently; so that her bright hair escaped its confinement, fell over her face and shoulders as she sunk upon the green earth, and gave way to impassioned weeping. She had loved with a maiden's pure and worshipping affection; which makes the whole heart, with all its treasures of confidence, hope, and happiness, an offering on the altar of his love—and now that heart was like a chrystal vase, thrown from its pedestal, broken, and scattered in fragments amid its precious contents which no hand could gather up or replace again. She had wept often, and much; but the tears she now shed came from the deepest spring of sorrow, the bitter waters of which burn a channel in the spirit, along which they creep until the fountain is frozen in death. She felt that her destiny was sealed and all her young joys broken. The shades of evening gathered slowly round her as she wept, and the dampness of their dewy wings saturated her garments and dishevelled hair; yet still she moved not, so utter was the prostration of her spirit.

Meantime, in a humble but neat cottage; within and around which, every thing bore evidence to the taste and refinement of its occupants, sat a delicate looking woman, amid a group of merry children, who had spread a book of pictures on the floor, and were rejoicing to see how the shapes and colors varied in the dancing firelight. For a time the mother's heart seemed to sympathize with their happiness, but at length there came a shadow across her brow, and she bent her face upon her arm, and wept. A fine looking man entered, and looked first upon his happy children, and then his weeping wife—stepped forward, placed his hand on her's, and murmured, "They are happy, Lucy, do not make them sorrowful. But where is Myra?"

"She went out toward the lake," returned the mother. "Myra is not happy of late. Oh Henry! I do not regret this cruel reverse for myself, but for our children."

"Do not murmur against God, Lucy," pleaded the husband. "It was no fault or folly of ours that made us poor, and whenever I think of the terrible fire that consumed our property, I feel my heart thrill with gratitude to him who preserved our lives. We are not yet to learn that wealth and worldly honor do not constitute happiness. Let us educate our children properly, and teach them to be honest, industrious, and cheerful, and they will doubtless be happy."

"But," said the wife, "I am in pain for Myra. I fear that she has given her young affections to Edward Morris, whose family is not such an one as I could wish our child to enter."

"Yes," said Mr. Howard, "the young man is a very fine person, and well learned; and it is a great wonder to me how such a man as Morris ever came by so manly a son. He is a little spoiled by his education, but he will outgrow that. His naturally noble spirit will at last throw off such shackles. True I had rather our daughter should not wed him, but if they are attached to each other, we shall make no objection. But it is strange that she stays so long. I will go and seek her."

He went out, and as he traced the little footpath, he gave way to his emotions, and wept while he poured an earnest prayer for the happiness of his one dear girl. Thus occupied, he did not observe the prostrate Myra until he stood close before her. He paused paralyzed with astonishment, and she arose to her feet, and hid her cold face in his bosom.

"Father!" she cried, "dear father, the idol I had made for my heart to worship is broken, turned to dust and ashes. I have been weeping over its ruins, but I am now myself again, will weep no more."

"For mercy's sake, my child, explain yourself," cried Mr. Howard, "what can have befallen you?"

"Father," she replied, "I have deemed Edward Morris a man worthy of my love—the delusion is dispelled; he is base enough to insult a woman by casting up the *poverty* of her family, and despising her occupation. 'Tis true—he asked if I had no rich relations, and said to me that he is too proud to marry a schoolmistress. I retorted proudly—and I have not been weeping for *him*."

"I hope you will never weep for him," said Mr. Howard, choking down his indignation. "You have read the first painful chapter of human life; do not, my blessed child, adopt the popular error that your heart is broken. It is only the mirror of romance that is shattered; and now through its branches will stream the pure light of reason. But come home quick, for you are damp and cold, and tremble like an aspen."

A severe and painful indisposition was the consequence to Myra Howard of that night's exposure and agony. Earnestly did Edward Morris intreat permission to speak to her during her illness, but she resolutely refused to see him, or listen to any letter from him. Deprived of her assistance, and burdened with the expenses of her illness, Mr. Howard became greatly distressed, but at this juncture when despair was busy with the suffering family, a letter came from an uncle of Mrs. Howard, enclosing a large sum of money, and urging their removal to Cincinnati, where many of their relatives resided. The pride of Mr. Howard was subdued by affliction, he received the kind remittance and communication with tearful gratitude; and as Myra was now convalescent, made hasty preparation, and bade the vicinity of the lake Canandaigua, a farewell of mingled sorrow and joy.

"Well," remarked Mr. Morris, "I am glad Howard's relations have taken him away, for we should soon have had the family on the township."

"And I am glad," joined in Mrs. Morris, "that that little artful mynx of a Myra is fairly out of Ed's reach."

"Mother," said Edward, "if I had not have offended her beyond all hope of forgiveness I should not deem her beyond my reach. I would go half round the globe to hear her say Edward Morris I forgive you."

"And you may go many times round the globe before you will find such another," interposed his young brother. "You may all believe me, Myra Howard is a girl of uncommon abilities; and you will all hear great things of her yet."

"After this, I fancy," sneered the sister. "But, Mercer, since you so worship Miss Howard, why have you not thought proper to wed her? Perhaps you had best follow her to Cincinnati. You might possibly obtain your paragon."

"Thank you, sister, for the suggestion." And an expression of joy lit up his face, which was soon displaced by a shade of keen agony.

A few years passed hastily by. Edward Morris was a married man; and a thrifty farmer. His wife was the daughter of a merchant who was a shoemaker's son, and had grown rich by hard work and close economy. His children received no education in childhood, and his daughter though sent to a boarding school after she attained her sixteenth year, she acquired only an outside polish, and a large stock of pride and affectation. Her education was a very uneasy garment, worn only on special occasions, while her every day garb was a tissue of vulgarity and ignorance. Indeed her assumed mantle was sufficient to conceal those coarse under-garments. Edward Morris married her because she was a fine girl, and was a rich man's child. He did not respect, he did not love her, and he soon learned to despise her ignorance and affectation. She had no taste for reading, and her children received from her no mental culture at all. She was a discontented, foolish, haughty woman, and her husband of course a miserable man. Did he ever think of the school mistress?

He had been married a few months, when he observed in a newspaper a poem headed by a laudatory notice, the tone of which mingled so thrillingly with his spirit, that the tears came involuntarily up from their fountains, and fell fast on the paper. It was signed Myra. He started as if stung by a serpent. Was it Myra Howard? He felt that the poem was indeed an emanation from *her* soul; he knew it to be hers, and yet he said no, no. It is not her. The author has used a soubriquet. He could not bear to think that she whom he had scorned was indeed such a gem. And yet his very spirit writhed with a living love for her, a hatred of himself, and a loathing of his heartless, soulless wife; mingled with tenderness, regret, shame, and deep humiliation.

As months sped on, that sweet name Myra met his eye frequently, appended to most exquisite strains of poesy; seraphic voices from a spirit, high, holy, tender and refined. Yet he stifled his conviction, and yet still said to his swelling heart it is not Myra Howard.

Mercer Morris had meantime attained his majority, and left a home which had never been pleasant to him; and kindred, with whose minds his own had no sympathies. He had written home to say that he had obtained admission into an academy with the determination of obtaining an education. This one letter was the only intelligence received of him for years. Edward Morris had become a melancholy man, almost a misanthrope. He attended to his business with mechanical precision, came home at meal times, and at night, as if it were a thing of course, spoke to his family on different subjects, read his book, or paper, and mused long hours with head reclined, and frequent sighs and moans. There was in his house no heart happiness. No face ever beamed with the all pervading smile of love. There was none of that sweet sympathy which binds all the members of a happy household in one blessed bond of pure affection, making all the pains and pleasures, joys and sorrows that enter there, the common property of all. Edward Morris felt all this, for he was not a heartless man, and he was miserable.

It was Christmas. A blessed joyous season, even to those who think not with humble adoration of the Babe of Bethlehem; and old Mr. Morris saw all his children and grand children assembled round his table, excepting Mercer, whom the old man mourned as dead. Each of his children present was in good health, and comfortably situated in life. Edward's wife had become a careless, vulgar looking woman, a mere cypher, not only in her own family, but in society. Miss Morris had accepted a widower, a jolly innkeeper, and was too busy all day to get anything done; so that her house was a scene of disorder and confusion, while she declared that nobody ever had so much work to do or worked so "everlasting hard" as herself. Why some days she did not *get time* to comb her own hair, or dress her children at all. Her husband remembered that his first wife performed the same task quietly, and found time to read, and indulge herself in many female accomplishments, but he was a patient man and said nothing. Edward's oldest son brought a packet from the post office which he delivered to his father. It contained a periodical with a *marked* criticism on a volume of poems by Miss Myra Howard. The critique lauded the poems, and paid the tribute of highest praise to the innate worth, noble qualities, and domestic virtues of the poetess.

"Why, pa!" cried the boy, who stood gazing at the agonized expression of face with which his father gazed on the page, long after he had read every word, "if you look on the book all day, you will never get your letter." He reached out his hand mechanically, to receive the letter. It was from his brother Mercer. He handed it to his father, who broke the seal and read it slowly, word by word, to the listening family. After usual compliments, the young man proceeded to write.

"I suppose I must tell you, Edward, that Mercer Morris, Esq., is a very eminent barrister, and at present a petty officer in the Federal city. This I call being pretty well on the way to honor and distinction. I have many acquaintances, and some noble friends amongst the great men here, but first in my estimation is Mr. Howard, who, you will remember, as some time a neighbor of our father. He is here, in the enjoyment of a lucrative and responsible office, to which his own talents and integrity have promoted him, and the duties of which he has long discharged with honor and integrity. Yesterday I witnessed a most splendid and imposing ceremony. You have not forgotten our little school mistress, Myra Morris? She has become an eminent poet, as a critique in the ——— Magazine which I send you with this will testify. Well, she was yesterday a bride; and mortal eyes never feasted on such surpassing magnificence of beauty as her's. She is now twenty-eight, in the ripe bloom of loveliness; and her high, pure soul beams out in every look and movement of her person. She is almost worshipped here, and she yesterday became the wife of the Hon. Mr. N———, Senator from Ohio. It was a glorious wedding, and the splendid festivity of the evening can hardly be surpassed. I told her I would write to my friends to-day, and she, in her playful manner, bade me say to Mr. Edward Morris, that the Hon. Mr. N———, the noblest spirit of his native State; one of the richest gems in the coronal of Liberty; who scorned to bow to baseness, though it walked in golden slippers; or insult worth, though it dwelt with poverty, was none *too proud too marry a school mistress*. I told her that I would remember her message. You deserve a little taunting, brother. Your pride was truly preposterous. I knew then that she was born for a high destiny."

Edward Morris moved not a muscle during the reading of these lines, every word of which fell like fire upon his heart, and sank deep down, like living coals, to eat away his spirit. There was no sudden change in his demeanor, but as the seasons passed, he became more moody and taciturn, until at length his intellect gave way, and he became a crazy man. Physicians declared that his malady was originally an affection of the brain; and his friends could now trace the disease back to a violent influenza with which he was afflicted in his youth, and so they accounted for all his inconsistencies and eccentricities; his sadness, and his tears.

But had you followed him in his almost daily walks to the little dell by the lake, you would have seen him sitting sorrowfully on the embowered rock, with an old pocket book beside him, from which he took carefully, soiled and tattered scraps of paper, each containing fragments of printed poems, every one signed with that sweet word, *Myra*. He had cut them from newspapers, and treasured them years before; and he would read them devoutly, as the Monk tells his beads, then putting them carefully away, he would clasp his hands, and with sobs and tears, address Myra, as if she were an omnipotent deity, beseeching most earnestly for pardon and peace. Poor man! she had forgiven him long ago, and he found peace in the still grave, before he was forty years of age.

And this was the end of a Pride that worshipped Wealth, and worldly Honor.

Original Song.

SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY HENRY MORFORD.

A friend at the eventime,
With a warm and cheerful seat,
Over a pleasant rhyme,
When the soul and spirit meet.
No wine upon the board,
And no madness in the brain,
But a cup with kindness stored,
That it is old bliss to drain.

A friend at the eventime,
To count and reckon o'er,
Old scenes in sunny a clime
That we shall never look on more.
To talk of the times of old,
Of the forms we loved and lost,
Of the changing heat and cold,
And the bounding seas we crossed.

A friend at the eventime,
To talk of the days to come,
To call on a summer time,
And to plan us a sunny home.
With the little things we need,
And the happy things we love,
And a home when old indeed,
With the same old friend above.

DREAMS OF THE HEART.
TO METEORA!

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY SAMUEL C. OLIVER.

Why did I ever see thine eyes,
Was it my soul to sacrifice,
My vows to break—my love forget?
Oh! had'st thou died ere first we met,
Thy form unseen—thy voice unheard—
My gentle love might still have cheer'd
With winning smiles my broken heart,
But now from each I'm doomed to part.

Though I repeat my vows to her,
Yet there is no interpreter;
No moved flame—no holy chain
Returning back the thrill again,
And though thy heart and mine be riven,
We could not love and be forgiven.
The star that smiled is hidden now
By one false step—a broken vow!
I know it by my heart—its fears—
Her downcast eyes—her silent tears.

Thy fatal beauty and its smile
Have wrongly led me all the while!
Thou broken vow! my beating heart!
Why did ye not a hint impart
Of plighted faith? of Laura's weigh
To tell of danger standing nigh?
Forgive! forget! I need not say
Her broken heart could not obey!

THE LAY OF THE POET'S BETROTHED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

Oh, say, when other years shall come
To steal some charm that claims thee now—
To blanch the soft cheek's blushing bloom—
To shade the bright and snowy brow—
To veil those dark and lustrous eyes,
Whose glance thou hast likened to a ray
Sent down by tenants of the skies—
Wilt thou too change as they?

When one by one each raven tress
Hath, touched by time, laid by its hue;
And all the worshipped loveliness,
This form hath worn when life was new,
Hath perished, like some gentle tone,
That once upon thy lute-strings lay—
Oh say, when all save love have flown,
Wilt thou too change as they?

Translations.

THE PEDLAR'S DAUGHTER.
A Tale of the Seventeenth Century.

TRANSLATED, FOR THE POST, FROM THE FRENCH,
BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

CHAPTER I.—THE DUEL.

It was a lovely summer morn in the year 1656. A company of soldiers, on the march to Paris, halted beneath the walls of the Fountain of Henry, a beautiful edifice of Henry the VIth, which embellished the vicinity of Caen. As happened usually at a period when nothing of the strict discipline of the present day was known in the army, the soldiers gave loose to a thousand disorders, which their officers dreamed not of attempting to restrain. The armed libertines fell at once upon the neighboring cottage of a peasant, and pillaged it with a brutality which would not now be tolerated even in a conquered country. While they plundered his stores, killed his stock, and beat the proprietor, to put an end to his resistance, and compel him to silence, a colporteur, or travelling merchant of small wares, made his appearance in the road. As the stranger caught sight of the soldiers, he would gladly have retraced his steps—for too well he knew how his pack was likely to fare with such customers. But he was too late. The soldiers had seen him.

Four of their number instantly started in pursuit of the retreating pedlar, and brought him, *bon gré mal gré*, before the chateau where the halt had been made. He was a Jew, as his costume, his beard and his phisiognomy plainly indicated; but it was not so much for his pack that he was anxious. His regards, full of fear and affection, were turned upon his companion, a young girl of surpassing loveliness, who hung upon his arm, and clung to her protector with the most lively testimony of exceeding terror.

Whether they wished to amuse themselves with the fright of the two travellers, or whether they had indeed determined to pillage the merchant and abuse his lovely charge, the villains ordered the old man to take his box from his shoulders, and let them see what it contained. While the poor Israelite was proceeding to obey, with undisguised reluctance, and as much delay in his movements as he dared, he suddenly abandoned his property to run to the succor of the girl. Pressed in his maudlin passion to the breast of a drunken soldier, she was resisting him with all her strength, while she uttered the most piercing and heart rending cries. The soldier, far from yielding to the earnest entreaties of the poor Israelite to release the girl from his foul embrace, grew only the more insolent, as the old man pleaded. The pedlar—alarmed and confused, drew his poignard, careless of the certain danger to which the use of it would subject him, when a third traveller opportunely appeared upon the scene.

At the sight of the young and beautiful woman in a situation so perilous, the new comer sprung from his horse, drew his sword, and in a tone of authority which the soldier mechanically obeyed, ordered him to release his trembling and insulted prisoner. The Jew caught the fainting girl in his arms, and bore her, his well loved charge, in affectionate haste, from a spot so dangerous, glad to compromise with his persecutors, by leaving them his box and wares as the price of her deliverance.

The stranger who had come to the deliverance of the girl, and had thus affected it, was no less disposed to set matters right in regard to the little wealth of a colporteur who had shown himself so little avaricious, and in the exercise of the higher impulses of the heart, so little careful as to what usually forms the whole care of people of his class. He went to the soldiers, and directed them not only to cease their depredations, but to restore what they had already plundered. The order was received with murmurs of anger, and the insulting jeers and laughter of disobedience.

"How long," said the stranger, pointing to the military ornaments which indicated his rank, "how long is it since French soldiers ceased to obey an officer in his most Christian Majesty's service?"

"Ever since they have had a captain of their own," said one of the officers of the company, stepping forward "to give the soldiers orders, and to reply to strangers who thrust themselves in where their interference is unasked for."

The stranger bowed to the officer, and said, with calm politeness: "You are right, Monsieur. If I had perceived your presence, I should have appealed to you to obtain justice from these rogues—"

"My soldiers are no rogues!" interrupted the other, haughtily, raising his voice, as if he thought to have found a man upon whom he could presume.

The stranger only smiled in reply, and beckoned the Jew to approach.

"Come," he said, "fear nothing, take up your pack again—and take this purse as an indemnification for what has been plundered from you."

The old man hesitated. He looked from the officer to the purse, and back to the officer again. After a short pause of doubt—a struggle between gratitude and cupidity, he reached forward his hand as if to accept the tendered money. The girl pulled his arm back with an expression between surprise and mortification.

"My father deeply thanks you, Monsieur," she said. "The loss he has suffered is nothing—a mere trifle. God will bless you, both for your kind intention, and for the generosity and courage with which you interfered to protect an old man and his daughter from wrong and outrage."

The officer, surprised at the delicacy of her refusal and the ease and grace with which she expressed herself, smiled with gratified gallantry, and gave in reply, a bow, perhaps a trifle more profound than the condition and humble costume of the girl seemed to warrant, and advised her to regain Caen as soon as possible. Then turning to the Captain, who was regarding, not without an insulting laugh, the scene which had passed, he said: "Now Monsieur, I am at your service. I am the Marquis Philippe de Sénancourt; like you I have the honor to serve his Majesty as a Captain in his army. Two of the Messieurs, your officers, will do me the honor, I hope, to act as our seconds."

"So be it," said the other, with a bow. "I am the Count Etienne de Maurevers." He drew his sword, and indicated two of his officers to act as friends of the Marquis. Two others, acted with them for the Count, arranged the conditions of the duel, and measured the swords.

At the sight of these preparations, the Pedlar's Daughter, far from hastening toward Caen, as her kind liberator had recommended, caught her father by the arm and held him back. He, good soul, had turned his face from the spot, with no desire to look behind him. She, jealous of the tones of the officers' voices, had not ceased to watch them. "They are about to fight!" she exclaimed, running back, "and it is on our account—for us, my father, that his blood will be spilled." And she would have pressed between the combatants, but the soldiers prevented her. Nothing interrupted—but the skill of the swordsman brought the duel to a speedy close. Hardly were the weapons crossed—hardly was a pass exchanged, when the captain of the company fell, pierced in the breast with the weapon of his antagonist.

"Well touched!" said the wounded man—"skilfully done! Monsieur le Marquis, you are as accomplished as you are generous and brave! Messieurs!" said he to his officers, "you cannot remember the name of this noble and worthy captain; and I shall hold either of the seconds as a coward, who divulges it. The whole fault of this affair is mine; and I wish, under no pretext that it shall give any future difficulty to so honorable a cavalier!"

He tendered his hand to Philippe, who assisted the others to remove him to the cabin of the peasant, which the soldiers had pillaged. At this moment the door of the chateau opened, and a man clothed in black approached the party.

"Gentlemen," said he with a low bow, "I have the honor to be his Majesty's High Provost for the Province of Normandy. Notwithstanding the royal edict, which forbids the duel under the capital penalty, you have been thus engaged. I find myself, with the deepest regret, compelled to perform a painful duty. Gentlemen—your swords, and your names!"

"The Count Etienne de Maurevers," answered the wounded man.

"The Marquis Philippe de Sénancourt," answered the other.

"Monsieur le Comte, you are a prisoner of the king, on your parole. When the state of your wound permits, you will report yourself at the Bastile, and there await my orders."

The count nodded acquiescence.

"As to you, Monsieur le Marquis, you will accompany me to the Chateau de Fontaine. Thence you will accompany me to Paris, where I have orders to conduct all duellists apprehended *in flagrante delicto*, in my Province. His most Christian Majesty is determined to put an end to these encounters, which uselessly spill brave blood, and outrage the dictates of religion and the laws of the realm. It grieves me to the heart to say you have no hope of escape. Young as you both are, I entreat you to prepare seriously and earnestly to meet that God, before whose dread tribunal the moment is not distant when you must appear!"

The Pedlar's Daughter listened like one entranced with horror to these words, and the Provost had not ceased speaking when she threw herself at his feet. "Monseigneur!" she cried, "Monseigneur! Surely they will not punish—and above all, with death, a courageous and noble man, whose only crime is that he has assisted a defenceless old man, and a poor woman, who, without him, would have suffered insults worse than death! The King cannot do such injustice! Pardon, for the Marquis! Pardon, Monseigneur, Pardon!"

The Provost took hardly the trouble to look at the supplicant—much less to reply. He directed his steps toward the chateau, accompanied by the Marquis. The poor girl followed, weeping, and still crying "Pardon!" And as the gate closed rudely in her face, she sank, broken, bruised, and crushed in heart, to the earth—still sobbing—though none could hear her—"Pardon for the Marquis—Pardon! Pardon!"

CHAPTER II.—THE RESCUE.

When her tears had had free course, she raised her eyes. Her father stood near her, leaning silent and sorrowful upon his staff, and attentively regarding her. Raising herself with a sudden effort, as a new thought gave her life, she caught his arm and said:

"Paris! my father! Let us go at once to Paris!"

"To Paris!" repeated the old man. "But we are just from Paris. We have brought thence the merchandise, which I seek to sell in Normandy. What can you wish to do in Paris?"

"To seek his pardon!"

The old man sadly shook his head. "Thou obtain his pardon! Alas my poor child! To reach even the feet of those who can accord that grace, it is necessary to be a thousand times more powerful than thou art weak. The King alone, or Monseigneur, the Cardinal de Mazarin has the power to arrest a sentence of death; and the doors of their palaces are not open to the daughter of a pedlar and a Jew!"

"I will save him!" she said, "notwithstanding these obstacles. I will save him, though I perish myself. It shall never be said that I basely abandoned my deliverer—that I sought not to save him who has incurred a terrible penalty for me!"

While the merchant used all the arguments of which he could think, to dissuade her from her hopeless project, she suddenly quitted his side, and boldly passing the ranks of the soldiers, who were now under arms, she addressed herself to the officers, "Is it not possible," she asked, "to obtain pardon for the Marquis de Sénancourt?"

"Flight alone can save him," answered one of those whom she addressed. "Monseigneur the Cardinal has bound his Majesty by an oath to accord pardon to no duellist. But yesternight eight young men, of good families, paid with their heads the penalty of disobedience to the royal edict."

"Flight! You have spoken of flight, Messieurs. Oh, suffer not him to be led to the scaffold—him of whom within the hour I heard you admire the courage!"

"We can do nothing to save him," they replied. "To rescue a prisoner from the High Provost would be inevitably to forfeit our own lives."

"Just Heaven!" she cried, and is there then no means of safety for him!"

In despair she had turned from the soldiers. She had proceeded but little distance, when she retraced her steps, and proceeded directly to the camp followers—fellows without pride—idle vagabonds, who surpass in habits of pillage and cruelty the most formidable brigands. She led two of them aside.

"Would you like to win a hundred louis-dors?" she asked.

"A thousand times better than to win one, *ma mignonne*," they answered.

"Well, I will give you that sum if you will, this evening, rescue the Marquis de Sénancourt, as he leaves the Chateau, with the Provost, for Paris."

"Diable! This feels like the gallows! A hundred louis is too small a stake for so desperate a throw."

"I will give you this," said she, taking a diamond necklace from her bosom—"this, if you deliver the Marquis. These stones are worth three times the sum I offered you."

"And you will give us the hundred louis beside?"

"Yes, the hundred louis also," said she, with an involuntary smile of contempt.

"One instant, one moment," said the Jew, wringing his hands, as he listened with the most lively impatience to this conversation—"Diana, Diana! Go not so rashly to work—these diamonds—"

"Hesitate not to sacrifice them for him!" she answered. "What is a little, paltry gold—what a few baubles, in the scale against the life of him who saved you from pillage, and me from worse than death! What would have remained of this bracelet, what of your merchandise, if the Marquis had not delivered us from the soldiers?"

"The merchant, over whom Diana seemed to possess an absolute authority, heaved a deep sigh, and was silent.

"It remains only that you describe to us the way in which you will rescue the Marquis," said Diana, addressing the soldiers.

"Simple enough," they answered. "About half a league from here is a cross road, through a wood, which the Provost will certainly take, as it shortens his journey two hours. Across this we will fell a tree—this will stop the carriage—we will call to the Marquis to descend, and have ready a good horse. The rest we leave to God's mercy."

"That is it! Excellent, worthy men," cried Diana, delighted.

"I have a horse which will be needed," pursued one of the two men, "fleet and untiring—he can run two hours without drawing a breath. I will give him to you—I say give, because it cannot be called a sale at such a price—I will give him to you for the miserable sum of fifty louis."

The Jew bounded with anger. "Do you then wish to ruin me, he cried, even to the last double denier?"

"I accept all your conditions without hesitation," answered Diana. "Fulfil all your engagements with the same faith and exactitude that I do mine."

"We will do it, you may be sure, *ma jolie petite demoiselle*. Who pays well, should be well served."

"Come then," she said, "with me, and prepare your ambuscade."

They looked at her with surprise. "What! will you be of the party, and share its chances and perils? Do you know that they would hang you, if they could suppose that you could have any thing to do with such an affair? It is your life with which you play."

"My life! and what does it matter? Did he hesitate to expose his life for me—for me an obscure and unknown peasant girl. And shall I, the only cause of his misfortune, hesitate to expose myself to peril to save him? Away with the thought of such shameful cowardice!"

"Come then," they answered, "spring into the saddle, and come with us, for time presses."

And this young woman, a short hour since so fearful and timid, hesitated not an instant to mount a restive horse, and trust herself to the guidance of two villains, the bare sight of whom had been enough to make her pale with fright. Turning to her father, she said:

"Return to Caen, my father. If by to-morrow evening the good old Elias hears not of his girl, he must look to his Maker for her, for God will have disposed of the fate of his child. She will be either killed or a prisoner. Adieu, my father!"

"I will not leave thee for a moment, nor lose sight of thee for a step!" answered the old man, warmly. "What were my life without thee? On the day that thou diest, I will die also. Come—let us proceed!"

"Come, old man!" said one of the coquins, slapping Elias on the shoulder, "that speech is as good as twenty-five louis in your pocket! I like a brave man everywhere—and, scamp as I am, I have yet left in my heart a sentiment to be moved by a good action. Bestride this poney, and we will set forward."

* * * * * * * *

At sun-set a chariot left the chateau, for Paris, taking as the soldiers had foreseen, the cross road; and arriving at the wood not until the darkness of night had made all objects save the path undistinguishable.

Judge of the emotion of Diana, as waiting by the road side she heard the chariot wheels, and the steps of the horses. Nearer and nearer the noise approached,—and in another instant a cry of rage and fright broke from the conductors, as they found the horses suddenly stopped by the unexpected barricade. The horses stumbled—the servants ejaculated oaths and prayers in a breath, and during the confusion the door of the chariot was opened:

"Monsieur le Marquis," said one of the soldiers—"a good horse awaits you a few steps from here. Fly!"

"Monsieur," answered the Marquis, in a loud voice, "who you are that has put your life for me in useless peril, I know not. I thank you for your devotion to my safety, but I cannot profit by it. Monseigneur the High Provost has employed no other guard to conduct me to Paris than the word of a soldier. I am a prisoner on parole. Notwithstanding, however, the inutility of your brave attempt—believe that until my heart ceases to beat, it will entertain for you the profoundest gratitude."

The two men had not waited for these acknowledgments,—they took flight at the first words of the Marquis. Elias was too much terror stricken to distinguish a syllable, and Diana alone, concealed with her father in the darkness, admired the nobility of the sentiments of the utterer, while she could not help feeling that his refusal was an unfortunate return from her peril.

M. de Sénancourt himself aided the High Provost and his servants to remove the obstruction from the road, and in a few moments the vehicle was again on its way to Paris. Diana paused in deep silence, weighed down by her crushed hopes, baulked at the very instant of their fulfilment,—till the last echo of the wheels died away in the stillness of the night.

CHAPTER III.—PARIS.

"Awake, my father!" cried she, shaking the almost insensible old man by the arm. "And now, for Paris! I die—or save him!"

Elias obeyed with a sigh—for a sigh was the only resistance which he could oppose to the will of Diana. From Caen to Paris the distance is over fifty leagues,—Diana and her father accomplished it in three days. In our time, such a journey, far from presenting anything like speed, would seem a most dolorous delay in travelling; but under the reign of Louis XIV., at the commencement of which the events of our tale took place, it was quite otherwise. As relays of posts were not regularly established, the traveller was obliged to provide his own horses for any journey he might undertake; and consequently, willing or not, he must pass the nights at inns on the road, to give his animals their indispensable rest.

Had old Elias listened to the ardor of Diana, he would, upon the first day have killed the horses by forced riding, and thrown his pack of merchandise into the ditch to speed their way. The old man suggested to the earnest haste of Diana, that if they killed their horses in the first stage, and walked the residue of the distance, it would hardly be the means of gaining time. As to the lightening themselves by throwing away his property, the old man protected his pack by saying:

"At Paris all is done with money. They will not stoop to an empty purse, but kick it aside with the feet."

Diana submitted, with what resignation she could, to the check imposed on her impatience. Towards the end of the third day they saw in the distance the city which they so earnestly desired to reach. It was to one of the most humble mansions in the Rue Geoffrey-l'Asnier to which they directed their steps. An old woman, seated on the steps, raised a cry of astonishment as they approached.

"Holy Saint Martha!" she cried, "the swallows may now come back in mid winter and not astonish me, since here I see Compere Elias, and his pretty daughter, returning to Paris within two months after having left the city. I did not expect you till the coming winter. Nevertheless you are no less welcome to Martine Verduron. I hope no misfortune has befallen you!"

Elias hitched his shoulders with an air of chagrin—but as he looked at Diana—thanks to a glance of her eye—it changed to an appearance of forced content. Diana answered:

"We lack now many descriptions of goods, large quantities of which we disposed of during the first days of our journey into the country," she said. "We come to complete our assortment, and then we take the road again."

"Well, no matter what brought you back," said Dame Martine, "you are welcome, as I told you. You shall have the two chambers which overlook the garden, which Diana loves so well, Compere Elias. And now I go to prepare your supper."

In a little while the dame served their supper in the boasted apartments; and Elias did the honors of a hungry traveller to the repast. Diana scarce tasted it, although the hostess had added a dessert of cherries, protesting that they were as fresh as the lips of the Pedlar's daughter. When the dame left them, Diana seated herself at the old man's feet. "God will bless thee, my father, for having fulfilled the duties of gratitude!" she said, as she read in the eyes of Elias, his care and inquietude.

"May He hear thee!" replied the old man, with his habitual sigh of resignation. "I desire ardently for thy success, but hope nothing. We have adventured upon an enterprise which can have no other than the most untoward end!"

"No, no! my father," she answered, with a forced composure, and without herself feeling the confidence with which she desired to inspire Elias.

"We are poor and unknown," said the Jew. "I belong to a people whom every body, even the basest, here despises. How shall we direct our efforts to save a nobleman whose life depends upon the will of the king?"

"David, poor and feeble shepherd boy," said Diana, "overthrew Goliah, and wore the diadem of Saul."

Elias sighed, and rose without any reply. Diana detained him.

"My father, before you retire," she said, "will you do me a favor? Hire me for to-morrow morning, a mule, neatly, but not gaily caparisoned. I wish to ride to the Louvre."

"I will hire two."

"One will answer. I will go alone to seek an audience, and spare you the fatigue and anxiety."

"Fatigue, I shall feel none. My anxiety will be trebled in your absence. This undertaking may be attended with danger, and I insist on attending you. The protection of an old Jew will not be much, I know—but nevertheless, I will partake thy fortunes."

"Noble hearted man!" cried Diana, throwing herself into his arms, and weeping upon his breast.

"Nay, Diana! I am selfish, and love thee as my daughter, above all things else," said the old man returning her embrace.

Little could Diana sleep during that long, long night. At the first dawn of day she arose; and fervently and long addressed herself in prayer to Him upon whose protection depends the issue of all our enterprises.

And then, with no little care, she betook herself to the toilet which was to make her presentable before the king. When she descended, Dame Martine could not restrain a cry of surprise—for never had she seen Diana so beautiful. She was clothed in her holiday apparel, and though it was simply the dress of a burgeoise, yet it was so tastefully disposed that it added to her charms. No tawdry ornaments—no effort at display—all was chaste and modest as the heart and thoughts of the maiden. In a few moments the two mules, ordered the evening previous, arrived at the door,

"Holy St. Martha!" cried the dame, "why here is an equipage fit for a Prince!"

"I have some jewels to deliver to a rich citizen in the street Saint Denis," Elias prudently replied. "You know, to be well received, dame, you must go well recommended by appearances."

"Oh, but you are shrewd, Compere," answered the hostess. "It is done with your usual address, and knowledge of mankind."

The old man aided his daughter into the saddle, and then mounted himself, with an ease and address which could have hardly been expected in a sexagenarian. In our time mules could hardly be deemed necessary to make the journey from the Rue Saint Antoine to the Louvre, but at the epoch of which we write, many streets were unpaved, and one could not, without getting covered with filth, walk through the dirty quarters, where no pavements protected the foot passengers. It was not without a little misadventure that our mounted friends arrived at the end of their journey, and Elias was spattered from head to foot, by a horse which insisted upon dancing in a gutter, despite the efforts of his awkward peasant rider to direct him. Diana managed, by skilful manœuvres and happy chance, to preserve her vestments uncontaminated. Arrived at last before the gate of the Louvre, she dismounted with a modest but confident air, and proceeded directly to attempt an entrance.

The two sentinels crossed their halberds before her. "Ho! ho!" said one of the soldiers, who, despite his repulsive manners, endeavored to soften his voice a little in speaking to a pretty woman,—"People do not enter here after this fashion. I say," he continued, as Diana seemed disposed to persist, "I say you cannot enter here, *ma belle!*"

Elias, who had approached when he saw Diana repulsed at the gate, retreated again, as he noticed the good humor of the soldiers. "It is imperatively necessary that I should speak to his Majesty," said Diana.

"But his Majesty is not reached in this mode," said the soldiers, amused at the simplicity of the applicant. "Unless some powerful nobleman protect and introduce you, it is useless to hope."

A sergeant advanced. "How long," he said, "has it been the custom for sentries to hold a conversation with passengers? Eight hours in the cells, for this my men! As to you, girl, fall back! or I will call the drummer to aid your steps with the lash!"

Elias approached and addressed the sergeant. "Monsieur l'officer," said he, in a low voice, "you have lost a piece of coin from your pocket. Permit me to return it to you."

"Did I not let *two* fall!" said the Sergeant, a little softened, as he pocketed the ducat.

"Very possibly *three*—more if it is possible to find a way to permit that girl to enter the palace."

The sergeant stroked his moustache, and reflected some moments—

"It is a question of life and death!" hastily interrupted Diana, and with a view to interest the sergeant she added, "it is to save a soldier, like yourself."

"His name?" asked the sergeant.

"The Marquis de Sénancourt."

"Diable! then time presses. He arrived here last evening—he was condemned this morning—he dies day after to-morrow. Thus the king—or rather the Cardinal Mazarin wills. It is thus they serve brave soldiers, like thieves and felons!"

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" sighed Diana, as her head sank upon the shoulder of poor old Elias—scarcely less moved than herself.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A REVOLUTIONARY DOCUMENT.

The following document may not be uninteresting to any of our readers, and will undoubtedly please many. It is a copy of the Proclamation issued in 1775, in Massachusetts, while the British troops had possession of Boston. We have copied it, preserving as far as possible the general style of the typography, through the Boston Olive Branch, in which paper it is copied from the original.

A PROCLAMATION
For a Publick Thanksgiving.

ALTHOUGH in *Consequence of the* unnatural, cruel and barbarous *Measures, adopted and pursued by the British Administration, great and distressing Calamities are brought upon our oppressed Country, and on this Colony in particular, we feel the dreadful effects of Civil War, by which America is stained with the Blood of her valiant Sons, who have bravely fallen in the laudable Defence of our Rights and Privileges*;—*Our* Capital *once the Seat of Justice, Opulence and Virtue, is unjustly wrested from its proper Owners, who are obliged to flee from the Iron Hand of Tyranny, or are held in the unrelenting Arms of Oppression*;—*Our Sea Ports greatly distressed, and Towns burnt by the Foes, who have acted the Part of barbarous Incendiaries. And although the wise and holy Governor of the World, has, in his righteous Providence, sent Droughts into this Colony, and wasting Sickness into many of our Towns; yet we have the greatest Reason to adore, and praise the Supreme Disposer of Events, who deals infinitely better with us than we deserve; and amidst all his judgments hath remembered Mercy, by causing the Voice of Health again to be heard amongst us;*—*Instead of Famine, affording to an ungrateful People a Competency of the Necessaries and Comforts of Life; in remarkably preserving and protecting our Troops when in apparent Danger, while our Enemies, with all their* boasted *Skill and Strength, have met with* Loss, Disappointment, and Defeat;—*and in the Course of his good Providence, the Father of Mercies hath bestowed upon us, many other Favours, which call for our grateful Acknowledgments.*

Therefore,

WE have thought fit, with the Advice of the Council and House of Representatives, to appoint Thursday, the *twenty-third* Day of *November* Instant, to be observed as a Day of publick *THANKSGIVING*, throughout the Colony; hereby calling upon Ministers and People, to meet for religious Worship on said Day, and *devoutly* to offer up their unfeigned Praise to Almighty GOD, the Source and benevolent Bestower of all Good, for his affording the necessary Means of Subsistance, though our Commerce has been prevented, and the Supplies from the Fishery denied us;—That such a Measure of Health is enjoyed among us; that the Lives of our Officers and Soldiers have been so remarkably preserved, while our Enemies have fell before them;—That the vigorous Efforts, which have been used to excite the Savage Vengeance of the Wilderness, and rouse the *Indians* to Arms, that an unavoidable Destruction might come upon our Frontiers, have been almost miraculously defeated;—That our unnatural Enemies, instead of Ravaging the Country with uncontrouled Sway, are confined within such narrow Limits, to their own Mortification and Distress, environed by an *American* Army, *brave and determined*;—that such a Band of Union, founded upon the best Principles, unites the *American* Colonies;—That our Rights and Privileges, both Civil and Religious, are so far preserved to us, notwithstanding all the Attempts of our barbarous Enemies to deprive us of them—

And to offer up humble and fervent Prayers to Almighty GOD, for the whole *British* Empire; especially for the UNITED *AMERICAN* COLONIES;—That he would bless our Civil Rulers, and lead them into wise and prudent Measures in this dark and difficult Day;—That he would endow our General Court with all that Wisdom which is profitable to direct;—That he would graciously smile upon our Endeavors to restore Peace, preserve our Rights and privileges, and hand them down to Posterity;—That he would give Wisdom to the *American* Congress, equal to their important Station;—That he would direct the Generals, and the *American* Armies wherever employed, and give them Success and Victory;—That He would preserve and strengthen the Harmony of the UNITED COLONIES;—That he would pour out his Spirit upon all Orders of Men through the Land, bring us to a hearty Repentance and Reformation; purify and sanctify all his Churches;—That he would make Out's Emanuel's Land;—That he would spread the Knowledge of the Redeemer through the whole Earth, and fill the World with his Glory.

And all servile Labour is forbidden on said Day.

GIVEN under our Hands at the Council-Chamber, in Watertown, the Fourth Day of November, in the Year of our LORD, One Thousand seven Hundred and Seventy Five.

PEREZ MORTON, Dep'y Sec'y.

JAMES OTIS,	WALTER SPOONER,
CALEB CUSHING,	JOSEPH GERRISH,
JOHN WHETCOMB,	JEDEDIAH FOSTER,
JAMES PRESCOTT,	ELDAD TAYLOR,
BENJA. LINCOLN,	MICHAEL FARLEY,
JOSEPH PALMER,	SAMUEL HOLTEN,
JABEZ FISHER,	MOSES GILL,
BENJA. WHITE.	

GOD Save the PEOPLE.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
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Philadelphia:
SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 16, 1844.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the late novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

☞ The name of the post office at Strawberry Grove, Henry county, Ill., has been changed to Cambridge.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

After some weeks of great animation and excitement, the town is quiet and still again. The news-boys find slips no longer saleable, and their extra "occupation gone" have generally settled back into their matutinal noisiness and neon tide rest. The quid-nuncs are no longer asking every man they meet for the latest "returns;" and the political papers have discovered that there is something in the world more interesting than columns of figures, and calculations of election chances. The calm that has succeeded the storm is almost apathetical. So still and dead is it, that almost any excitement, not involving human life or jeoparding property, would be preferable to the present stillness. It seems impossible, as we go by Independence Hall, with its face all washed, and the apple-women back on their old corners, to realize that those bricks were but a few days since pasted over with paper of all kinds and colors, thick daubed with printer's ink, and horrifying the visual organs with admiration points, and great types, in different tints and of obesity unparalleled.

The change, however, to the thinker, is a very pleasantly ominous one. The calm that has followed so energetic and anxious a moving and swaying of the people, is a pleasant subject of reflection to the patriot. It offers a picture of moral grandeur unparalleled in the history of nations. That men can be so warmly excited and so zealously opposed to each other one day, and on the next, settle back into cordial and warm friends again—the defeated submitting with a good grace to the expressed will of the majority is a stronger argument in favor of the perpetuity of our republic, than any other which could be instanced. We know that foreign travellers are amazed by it. They notice the pen and ink, the tongue and trumpet fury of days preceding an election, and naturally enough for those who know no better, expect that the defeated party will resist. They find, the decisive struggle once passed, that the division and contention are ended, and men forgetting that they are politicians, remember that they are brethren. So may it ever be!

The withdrawal of the late occupation of the public and of the individual mind, will now give opportunity for something else. What will run through the land, and be "the fashion" remains yet to be determined. Chance, as chance usually fixes these things, will decide. All the old "isms" seem to have gone out of date, and passed into forgetfulness. Just now there seems to be no one thing upon which the eye can fix, in a glance abroad, more prominent than another. There is no phenomenon of any description above the horizon; and the delightful season—the Indian Summer—leaves no opportunity to remark upon the weather. There is no domestic news of any importance, and no foreign. The whole world appears to be upon its good behaviour, and if such times long continue, the newspaper makers will be at their wits' end.

On our outside pages we have placed to-day a pleasant assortment of matter—suited, we fancy to all tastes. The translation will be found as it proceeds to introduce a curious passage in European history—the vagaries of Christina of Sweden, who abdicated a throne, only to find, like every body else who ever did so—except, perhaps, Cromwell's son—that she wished she had not. The intrigues of Christina to feel her way back will enter into the tale, and the death of Monaldeschi, her creature, takes a rather more creditable form than is usually attributed to it.

We shall find our book publishing friends tolerably busy now for a few weeks—as well as all others who minister to the garnishing of the holidays. New Years once passed, trade will be still again, and politics once more in the ascendant; for about that time Congress will be in full blast. The President elect's post office parcels will increase, to an amount before unequalled in his experience.

ELECTIONS.

The struggle is over, and Hon. James K. Polk and Hon. George M. Dallas are President and Vice President elect of this Republic. So many States have been heard from that there remains no possible doubt. The States which are known to have gone for the Democratic ticket, or respecting which the probabilities amount almost to certainty are: Maine, New Hampshire, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Arkansas, giving a total of 146 votes.

For Clay there are Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Vermont, New Jersey, Maryland, North Carolina, Ohio, Kentucky and Delaware, in all, a total of 92 votes.

The doubtful States yet, are Louisiana, Tennessee, Indiana and Mississippi—in all, 37 votes—which cannot alter the result, let them vote as they may—and Mr. Clay will probably get *one*, and may more of them.

We do not cumber the paper with returns, as none have been yet officially declared. In our next we shall be able to give some official majorities, probably.

The official majority for Mr. Polk in Pennsylvania is 6,382.

The majority of Mr. Clay in New Jersey is 783.

The vote in Massachusetts is, for Clay 67,418, for Polk 52,846, for Birney 10,860.

There are contradictory reports from Indiana—leaving that State in doubt. From Louisiana, we have only New Orleans—a Whig majority of about four hundred.

MONTEVIDEO.

At last there is a prospect of a change in the affairs of the belligerent republics. Dates are to August 2d.

The desperate resistance made by this gallant people, supported as they have been by the sons of France, should secure to them the good wishes of every Christian nation; and if Brazil engages in the war, Buenos Ayres will be humbled in the contest, for the Bada Oriental alone is about a match for her.

Night before last, Col. Garavalda, commanding the Montevidean gunboat, went down to the Beraie and captured a Buenos Ayrean brig and schooner, the brig with 500 barrels of flour, and the schooner with Yerva, tea of Paraguay.

Accomplished as it was in the face of the whole Buenos Ayrean force, great credit is due to Colonel Garavalda, who is one of the bravest men living.

DR. WOLFF.

Our readers undoubtedly remember the journey of this eccentric missionary, the Rev. Dr. Wolff, to the East, and his imprisonment by the Khan of Bokhara. Several contradictory accounts have been received of him; but it is now, and we hope truly, stated that he has obtained his release. A letter from Constantinople of the 27th September announces that fact, if fact it prove.

MR. CATLIN.

Our countryman, Catlin, whose exhibition of Indian portraits, fabrics, dresses, &c., through the principal cities in this country, will be remembered, is meeting with great success in England. He is about to publish, by subscription, a work called "Catlin's North American Indian Portfolio." He has secured the patronage of the Queen, and leading nobility of England, and of the Emperor of Russia; a circumstance which secures success in a country where to follow count is to follow the fashion. The work is to be printed in sufficient numbers for the subscribers only.

Descriptions represent it as a work of art most magnificent. It will contain twenty-five views of subjects, taken from the most admired pictures in the Indian collection. These will comprise Indian hunting scenes—mode of catching and taming the wild horse—favorite Indian games—landscape scenes of the Rocky Mountains and Prairie—and the Chiefs of several Indian tribes. The prints will be executed in the most finished style of lithograph, on a royal sheet, eighteen by twenty-five inches, accompanied by letter-press description of equal size, fully explaining all the plates.

A THOUSAND BEARS.

The newspapers, a few days back, were filled with terrific rumors about an encampment of Mormons, near Carthage, Illinois, assembled to awe the Court there in session. To weigh down the other terrible pannier, it was stated that a large body of anti-Mormons, disguised as Indians, were also assembled in the same vicinity. The anticipators of the horrible stood by to hear the terrific encounter, which, it was supposed would take place. Now it appears that the Mormons were a party who were either summoned to attend Court, or naturally desired to hear the testimony; and that being too poor to pay tavern bills they accommodated themselves in this mode. The Indian force proves to have been some twenty Pottawatamies—genuine savages—men, women and children, on their way to Iowa, to hunt muskrats. So fade the thousand bears into unarmed men, tawney squaws, and prospective muskrats.

EGYPTIAN COTTON.

A traveller having brought a few cotton seeds from the garden of the Egyptian Pacha, presented them to Mr. White, a planter of Louisiana; who planted them in May last. At their first coming up they grew well, but in August gave no great promise. Disappointed in his expectations, he paid no more attention to the plants, until a few days ago, when happening to be in that part of his grounds, he was astonished at the change in their appearance. He thinks the climate particularly adapted to the culture of this cotton, and that if carefully managed it would probably yield from 2,500 to 3,000 lbs. of seed cotton to the acre. The staple is very long and silky, and it is estimated to be worth three or four cents per lb. more than our short staples. The tallest of the stalks is about fifteen feet in height, and near the root as large as a man's wrist.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

The Mobile Herald, on the authority of a letter from Mobile, states that on Monday, October 28, during a heavy squall in the harbor, a boat belonging to the United States ship Falmouth, on its way from the Navy Yard to the city, was capsized when but a short distance from the city, and nine persons were drowned, among whom were Lieut. Piper, of the Marine Corps, and Professor Fox. The other seven were sailors. The letter states that a boat, with country produce, coming out of the Sound, passed near the scene, and saved eight persons, a midshipman and seven sailors. Having no small boat, however, and the large vessel, no doubt being a clumsy one, they were unable to render more assistance, although the poor drowning men were beseeching his aid most piteously.

AN OLD PRINTER.

On the last Saturday in September, a curious anniversary was celebrated in Hamburgh. All the persons engaged on the daily journal, the *Correspondent Impartial de Hambourg*, celebrated by a dinner, the sixtieth anniversary of the entry of one of the compositors, (type-setters) named Hein, on the paper. During that long period he had not missed his work a single day. He is now eighty-eight years of age, enjoys excellent health, and does his work like a young man. There were two hundred and twenty persons present at the dinner, including all the master printers of the place. One of these gentlemen, M. Bodecker, sent one hundred pine apples, four hundred pounds of fine grapes, and an immense quantity of flowers for the feast.

THE "PATRIOT PRISONERS."

The following is a list of the American Prisoners in Van Diemen's Land, who have been pardoned, in all thirty-nine persons.

Aaron Dresser, David Allen, John Gilman, Orrin W. Smith, George T. Brown, Robert G. Collins, Edward A. Wilson, Joseph Thompson, Nathan Whiting, John G. Swanburgh, John Cronkhite, David House, Emanuel Garrison, Leonard Delano, Robert Marsh, Joseph Stewart, Gideon A. Goodrich, Jerry C. Griggs, Samuel Newcombe, Luther Darby, Stephen S. Wright, Hiram Sharpe, Ira Polly, Bemis Woodbury, Daniel Liscome, of Liskum, John Thomas, Chauncey Sheldon, Alvin B. Sweet, Jacob Paddock, Gerrit Hicks, Elon Fellows, Samuel Snow, Daniel D. Heustis, or David A. Heustis, Linus W. Miller, Moses A. Dutcher, Elzin Stevens, Nelson G. Griggs, Benjamin Mott, James DeWitt Fero.

A NEW THEORY.

Much ingenuity has been spent upon ascertaining the cause of the disease in potatoes. If half as much attention is paid to producing new varieties, we shall have in a year or two abundance of reformed esculents. The last theory we have seen broached is mentioned in the Boston Traveller. It is there stated that Mr. H. M. Paine, of the optical works at Oxford, Massachusetts, has applied a glass that magnifies 9,000 times, to the diseased parts of the potatoes and finds them filled with animalcule, with bodies like the soldier-ant, and legs like the hairy garden spider. He thinks there is no epidemic amongst potatoes, but that the disease is *caused* by these insects.

AMERICANS ABROAD.

It is stated in the New York papers that a young man from that city, who accompanied the Oregon emigration of 1843, and passed onward to the Sandwich Islands, has been appointed Attorney General of the Islands by King Tammeamah. The other confidential officers of the King are also Americans, as well as the most enterprising planters and merchants of that flourishing little kingdom. It may be added that Americans are connected with the governmements of several of the South American Republics. They are also to be found in Turkey and in Russia—every where their energy and perseverance making them useful.

CORN STALK SUGAR.

Mr. John Beal, of New Harmony, Indiana, has made, this year, 395 lbs. of sugar, from the stalks on three-fourths of an acre. By his description of the process, it would seem that the farmer cannot have his corn and sugar too from the same stalk. When the ears begin to form they are pulled off. When the leaves are dead, about half way up the stalk is stripped of leaves, cut up at the root, the top cut off, and then ground in a sugar mill. Twenty stalks will yield about one pound and a half, and of this three-fourths is ground sugar. Mr. B. made 80 lbs. in a day, with a simple apparatus of his own construction.

MINERAL WEALTH.

The immense mineral wealth of this country is now hardly estimated, or thought of, out of the mineral districts; and yet almost every day brings up some new fact or discovery. A new vein of copper ore has been found on Kickapoo, about twelve miles above Prairie du Chien, and six miles from the Mississippi river, which is likely to prove very valuable. We are informed that about 2,000 pounds are taken out daily, and that the mineral increases in quantity as they advance. The ore is said to be 7 per cent. richer than that found near Mineral Point, which averages, we believe, about 15 per cent.

NULLIFICATION.

It is stated that a French officer has discovered a mode of nullifying gunpowder, and still leaving its properties unhurt, and capable of being restored at pleasure. It is merely to mix the powder with finely powdered charcoal or black lead, filling up the interstices between the grains; and if in this state it is set fire to, it merely fuses, but does not flame. In a recent experiment, two barrels of the powder thus mixed, were placed one upon each other, and the lowest one lighted. It burnt in about twenty minutes, but the exterior developed had so little force, that the upper barrel was but lightly charred, and its contents uninjured. The powder is at any time rendered serviceable by sifting.

MONONGAHELA.

We learn from the Pittsburg Gazette that the Monongahela Improvement has been completed. The importance of this work to Pittsburg, says the Gazette, can hardly be estimated. It will secure all the travel to the east by the way of Baltimore, except when the river is frozen, which is only a few weeks at longest. Passengers, instead of stopping at Wheeling, and enduring a long ride in the stage, will prefer the more pleasant trip through this city, and the beautiful scenery of the Monongahela river. It will also divert from Wheeling the principal part of the carrying trade from the East, by the Baltimore Railroad. Freight can be carried both quicker and cheaper.

THE MELANCHOLY FRUITS.

It is stated that among the inmates of the Vermont Asylum for the Insane, are twenty-six persons whose aberration of intellect is attributable to the Miller delusion. And this, be it remembered, is a token of the effects of the delusion in a portion only of our wide country. The full count of the sufferers would surprise the public—for little seems to be understood of the vast extent of the mischief. We hope those who have the means to get at these important statistics, will communicate them to the periodicals, that an estimate may be arrived at. The lesson may be useful.

CRAZY WOMEN.

One of the political journals out West, charges that five women dressed themselves in male habiliments, and voted, during the recent election. This will be a caution to the beaux, if the fair ones happen to be still unmarried. Such an unfortunate aptitude for assuming the habilaments of the other sex, would put the jurisdiction of the husband in jeopardy. If the female voters are already married, we dare say the husbands could not help themselves, and dared not go to the polls to challenge their votes. There are strange doings in this world—if all we hear is only true.

AN ORDER.

John Bull has a keen eye and a ready tooth for what is good to eat, and, it would appear has discovered that there are delicacies in this country. The Journal of Commerce states that a merchant in New York a few days since received a letter from a friend in Staffordshire, England, requesting him to send him for his own family use, seven barrels of Newton pippins; three do., Dutchess County pork; two do., brown crackers; one do., Fulton market beef; one do., cranberries; one do., flour; three boxes, each one large cheese, with any other *bonne bouche* he can think of.

NEW PAPER.

It is stated that Dr. D. Stebbins, of Northampton, Massachusetts, has succeeded in making a very good paper out of the bark of the mulberry tree; and that he has no doubt of perfecting the article, making it in every respect equal to any in use. There is, however, this advantage in the present material. Rags are articles which come without labor or culture—refuse material which would exist if no paper were made, and while this waste matter exists and is continually created, it will continue to be applied to the only use of which it is capable.

A NEW LIGHT.

The Western papers have been filled with comments on a new plan devised by Mr. L. J. Cist, of Cincinnati, for lighting cities. The mode of procuring the light is a secret; the utmost the public has heard about it being that it is obtained by electro magnetism. The lights are to be elevated high, so as to give out rays to a great distance. Mr. Cist can write beautiful songs—and if he can make half as good light as poetry, his scheme will do.

THE MORMONS.

On our last page will be found an interesting account of this singular people, and of their singular city. We notice by late accounts, that the "temple" is to be finished as soon as possible. The twelve elders have decided that they are at the head of the Church, and that no new prophet need be elected. They have also determined to call upon the faithful to push forward the completion of the temple with all possible expedition.

IMPORTANT CASE.

The Court of Quarter Sessions commenced the Southwark trials on Wednesday, with the case of Andrew McClain, charged with the murder of Sergeant Guyer, of the Germantown Blues. For the Commonwealth the Attorney General was assisted by J. Murray Rush, Esq. Hon. George W. Barton, Wm. B. Reed, and J B. Clarkson, appeared for the defence. Great interest is felt in this case, and those which will follow it.

A SAFE BET.

It is said to be a good bargain where both parties gain—it is a good bet which both parties win. The best we have heard of was offered by the girl out in Michigan, who said, "I will bet with any good looking young man on Polk's election. The stakes shall be the parties; if Polk is elected, I win, and marry the gentleman who bets against me; if he is not, the gentleman wins and marries me."

A PROPOSITION.

The New York Atlas relates a curious story of a rich man in that city, who determined to start a newspaper. His mind being made up, he sent to a gentleman long connected with the editorial profession, and wished to engage him. "I don't want you to write," he said; "I'll do the writing; I've got the ideas; only I can't spell. I'll edit the paper, and you shall edit my spelling." This was rather rich.

LOWELL.

The statistics of the manufactures of the "Manchester of America," show that the whole amount of capital invested in manufactures in that place, is over $11,000,000.

Bales cotton used per annum,	72,040
Pounds of wool, do.,	1,600,000
Tons of anthracite coal do.,	12,500
Gallons of oil, do.,	37,849
Spindles,	201,075
Yards of cloth made per week,	1,425,800

A DEFINITION.

Man has been called by various names—as a reasoning animal—a creature that makes bargains—a featherless biped, &c., &c. The Picayune has hit upon a new definition. Bores are so numerous, says Pic, that man might perhaps be called with propriety, a *perforated animal!*

THE MAIN LINE.

The Commissioners appointed to dispose of the stock in the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, agreeably to the act of the last Legislature, met at the Exchange, in this city, on Monday, and fixed upon the 20th of January, 1845, as the day for exposing said stock for sale.

AN ECLIPSE.

Star gazers must be on the look out on the night of the 24th. There will be a total eclipse of the Moon, visible here, commencing a few minutes before 5—greatest obscuration at 6 P. M. It will, we fear, be seized upon by the superstitions, as a new Miller omen.

IMPORTANT OPINION.

It is stated that Chancellor Kent has prepared an opinion, declaring that all naturalized voters must reside one year where they are naturalized, before they be legally allowed to vote. A feigned issue will probably be made to test the correctness of this decision.

STRANGE FOLLY.

While firing a salute for a political victory, at [illegible], Warren county, Ohio, the cannon exploded, causing the instant death of a young man named Scott, recently from this State. It is said that after the charge was put in the piece, it was partially filled with clay! Such an act would be in all cases next to sure to produce an explosion of the gun; and the wonder is, that any sane man could have ventured upon such folly. The ignorance of amateur gunners causes a vast deal of misfortune of this description.

Educational.

☞ Oberlin College, in Ohio, according to the recent catalogue, contains an aggregate of 480 students, viz: Theological, 32; College proper, 141; male preparatory, 146; female preparatory, 11; young ladies' course, 149.

☞ There are at present 208 students connected with Jefferson College, Canonsburg, viz:—Senior Class, 37, Junior 49, Sophomores 49, Preparatory Department 19, Irregular and Scientific 43.

☞ From the Catalogue of the Middlebury College, just published, it appears that the number of students is seventy-five, viz: Seniors 13, Juniors 11, Sophomores 23, Freshmen 27.

☞ The new Catalogue of Yale, shows that the College proper numbers 396, and the professional department, 147; total, 543.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

STATUE OF Wellington—Steam Statistics—Fashions—Newspaper Squibs; and Glass in Snuff—New Eloping Machine—Miscellaneous Matters—New Dahlia—Morocco Barbarities—French Notions of English Love of Music, &c., &c.

Bristol, England, Oct. 16, 1844.

A grand inauguration of the statue of the Duke of Wellington took place a few days since at Glasgow. An immense concourse of people attended, including a goodly display of ladies—and particularly those of the nobility and gentry. The gallant Sir Neil Douglas, Commander-in-Chief for Scotland, delivered an appropriate and most eloquent address on the occasion. The brief space of a letter will not permit me to indulge in any lengthened comment, but I will not refuse myself the pleasure of making a brief extract: "This is not the place"—said Sir Neil—"to describe the military career of the Duke of Wellington. I see it emblazoned in twenty victories around me;—it is written more indelibly in the Nation's heart. It is hard to say whether his genius shone with the brightest lustre on the sands of India, or on the hills of Spain, or on the plains of Flanders. From Asia to Waterloo, his career was one continued triumph, unchecked by defeat, unstained by cruelty. If we would seek a monument worthy of his deeds, we must look for it in a wider sphere; we shall find it in the British Empire, when he sheathed his victorious sword, with a vanquished Napoleon to signalize his last deeds, and the world overshadowed by its mighty dominion. Those deeds are enshrined in the page of history, and there will remain, after we and this monument, and this great city, are alike mouldering into dust, and when high resolves, and enduring fortitude, and unconquerable patriotism shall awaken the undying admiration of men. Wellington was a warrior, but he was only so to become a pacificator. He shed the blood of men, but it was only to stop the shedding of human blood. He has borne aloft the sword of conquest, but it was only to plant in its stead the emblem of mercy." The Scots Greys, also the 92nd Highlanders, were on the ground; both of which gallant regiments immortalized themselves at Waterloo. Hundreds of these warriors were dissolved in tears—and a band of two hundred retired officers and soldiers (pensioners)—all of whom had been through some of the Duke's campaigns—were deeply affected. The statue and pedestal, as works of art, are extremely beautiful, and the celebration was certainly one of the most interesting military and national spectacles, that has been recorded in this country for many years.

I have before me some valuable steam statistics, in relation to commerce. By these it appears that the commercial steam vessels of the United Kingdom, at the close of 1843, were numbered in obedience to an order of Parliament, as follows:

England,	630
Scotland,	138
Ireland,	81
Total,	853

The above are all sea-going vessels. Another statistical paper informs me, that in 1843, the total number of trading ships that cleared from England and Scotland in the Asiatic trade (to India and China,) was 781. Of these, there were:

From London,	371
" Liverpool,	252
" Bristol and Hull,	24
" Greenock and other ports,	134

I will only just touch on the Fashions to-day, seeing that I dwelt on that subject, at some length, in my last. The newest autumn bonnets are rather small, with very low crowns. They are trimmed with velvet plumes, shaded ribbons or autumnal flowers. The colors of these bonnets are deep blue, violet, or heavier grey. With the latter color, *cerise* or *ponceau* ribbons have an excellent effect. At least, so say the fashionable *modistes*, both of London and Paris.

I clip and translate the following from the *Courrier Francais*, as an amusing debtor and creditor account, in relation to the settlement of that tempest in a tea-pot, the Tahiti affair, and Mr. Consul Pritchard.

"FRANCE DEBTOR TO ENGLAND.

"1. For having, by the hands of Lieut. d'Aubigny, held Mr. Pritchard in solitary confinement,	A blame.
"2. For having, by the hands of Captain Bruat, expelled the same Mr. Pritchard from Tahiti	francs 25,000

"England acknowledges to have received from France, through the medium of Sir R. Peel, a double reparation in cash and diplomatic paper, for which England has given a receipt.

"ENGLAND DEBTOR TO FRANCE.

"For having, by the hands of the above named Pritchard, 1, expelled from Tahiti two Catholic missionaries	0 0
"2. For having excited Queen Pomare to ridicule the French flag of the protectorate by a flag of fancy	0 0
"3. For having excited the population to starve the garrison and to take arms against the French	0 0
"4. For having caused a collision in which French blood was shed	0 0

The writer adds, "France declares that she relinquishes all demands against England; and that she will remain satisfied with having received—*nothing!* Made double at London and Paris." So, you see—*parturiunt montes*—this terrible affair evaporates in newspaper squibs.

A discovery has been made in London, on the premises of one Mr. Baker, of several hundred weight of snuff, impregnated with *ground glass!* Baker's snuff was very popular. He has been fined £500. The application of electricity in manufactures of iron, and especially in converting it into steel, has been tried with satisfactory results, both in Derbyshire and Wales. I observe that an American vessel, the "Swanton," has lately loaded home for Boston, with about 1,000 tons of coal. A new fire-escape, to save people from the upper rooms of burning houses, has been invented by Mr. Wivell. The persons are lowered in a large bag or sack, down a bar attached to a ladder. It is deemed successful—but people will joke—and some persons have said that it may be used as a capital "eloping machine," for young ladies anxious to pay a Hymeneal visit to Gretna Green. The present Pope is 79 years old. A London house has contracted to build an iron bridge at St. Petersburg, which will be the largest structure of the kind in the world.

The American Minister in Paris has splendid apartments in the Fauxbourg St. Germain. The physician (Dr. Locock) who attended the last *accouchement* of the Queen, received £1,000—a pretty heavy fee. His assistant received £500, and the nurse £300. A Norwegian traveller has lately arrived in Calcutta, having reached that city from Norway on foot. He started again to "foot it" to the sources of the Nile. Sir Robert Sale, the hero of Jellalabad, has been sumptuously feasted by the Mayor of Liverpool. An atmospheric railway is about to be formed from London to Croydon. During the Queen's absence in Scotland, a superb ormolu chandelier at Windsor Castle, fell with an astounding crash, and was broken into countless pieces. It lately cost £3,000. The post offices of France last year received 114,200,000 letters, of which 3,200,000 were unclaimed. The amount of postage received was £1,832,000. Five hundred whales were captured a short time since at a little island north of Scotland. Quite a small fortune to the poor inhabitants.

The "Albert," 120 guns, the largest ship in the British Navy, will be launched in a few days. Mrs. Nisbett, the actress, has been married to Sir William Boothby, Baronet. There are five hundred musical journals published in China. Sir H. W. Barron, of Waterford, has built comfortable stone and slated cottages for all his tenantry, and is draining their lands at his own expense. Terrell, the comedian, is in limbo for having married Miss Barrett, the actress, at Cheltenham, while he had another wife living. But worse than all, it was found that he had also married a third wife—and was about to take a fourth, (Miss Cowell, an actress) for better or for worse. Bellany, suspected of having poisoned his wife, has been mobbed at several places in England, and his house has been pulled down by the populace. His attorney, too, has felt the effect of mob vengeance. At Dover, a few evenings since, a ruffian killed a policeman, who was attempting to take him into custody. Mr. Thorn, a respectable English surgeon, long resident at Calais, has been murdered by a gambler in that town, who is in custody, and will probably be executed.

At Sheffield, a few nights ago, a large bottle, filled with gunpowder, with a slow match, was found in a room beneath the bed-room of a Mr. Almond and his wife. The object of the assassins was, doubtless, to destroy them, because, as it was believed, Almond would not agree to a journeyman's turn-out for wages. Two men are in custody, charged with the horrid attempt. The letters written on board the "Waspite," censuring the French officers, and published in the *London Times*, are about to be made a subject of the Government investigation. *White hats* are prohibited from being worn, in some of the Cantons of Switzerland, because they are political emblems. New dahlias have been introduced in France and England, richly striped with different colors. A letter from Morocco tells a story of a butcher, who had for a long time enticed women into his house, murdered them, and cut them up to sell in the shape of fried meat. His wife informed against him, and he was publicly boiled to death in front of his own shop. According to an ancient custom in Belgium, every seventh consecutive son of any family, however poor, has the King as his godfather; and accordingly, about a fortnight since, Leopold I., stood sponsor to the seventh consecutive son of a mechanic in Brussels. The other day, Mr. Kay, a credulous farmer of Otley, anxious to know when he should possess a supposed secreted sum of money, left by a deceased relative, consulted "gipsy charming"—and one of the handsome southsaying gipsy women, soon eased her dupe of £32—leaving him as far from knowing the secret as ever, but considerably enlightened as to the secrets of necromancy. Such credulity is almost incredible in the nineteenth century. The steamship "Leeds," lately towed a dismasted American barque, the "Massencombe," of Newburyport, into Cuxhaven. The passengers of the Leeds unanimously signed and published, (according to the *Eastern Counties Herald*,) a letter to Captain Mowle, of the Leeds, expressive of their admiration of his intrepidity and humanity. It is a singular fact, that the Artesian well just bored at Calais, is so deep, that the water which supplies the town, actually comes from England, having passed across under the British channel. Another singular fact is—that two numbers of the "London Punch" have appeared, and without any caricature or comic allusion to Lord Brougham. I will conclude my correspondence of to-day, with a quotation from the Paris "*Courrier*." That paper says: "The English have no more idea of music than a sparrow has of cooing. They only keep the Italian singers so long in England, in order to deprive France of their talents." What a very amiable and polite people are the French!

Local Intelligence.

A NUISANCE.

A large menagerie of animals entered this city on Monday, to take up its winter quarters. Preceding the long train, were four elephants, yoked two and two, with a wagon of musicians behind them, like a thread to a man's heel—the outfits in most ridiculous disproportion to the beasts. Now it is undoubtedly well enough for the owners to herald and advertise their exhibition by a long procession, if they please, but it is far from well enough to take up the streets with unwieldy beasts like these elephants. One, at least, of the elephants exhibited here, has shown himself a vicious rascal, and celebrated the evening of his last parade through this city, by killing his man when he arrived at Camden. On more than one previous occasion, he has disabled keepers. Now as his monstrous magnificence is not probably particular as the times of his recreations, an elephant may, one of these days, take it into his head to kill a news-boy or two, in Chesnut street. In that case, as the news-boys do not belong to the menagerie, the public may see fit to interfere, and the matter will not be passed so quietly over. In the meantime, perhaps our authorities may find it worth their while to interpose for the safety of such citizens as have horses not accustomed to the sight of such moving mountains of flesh. Some horses start in extreme terror, defying all attempts to control them; and as the streets are intended quite as much for the benefit of the public at large, as that of the menagerie, it will be well if the common weal is consulted in the matter. The crowded thoroughfares of a populous city, are not precisely the place for such exhibitions.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—About twelve o'clock, on Monday noon, as a young man, named Jacob Simons, was leading his horse, attached to a dray, in Perry street, above Race, the Menagerie of Mr. Welsh passed in procession. The music of the band, or probably the sight of the elephants, frightened the horse, he became unmanageable, sprang forward, and threw the young man to the ground, and the wheel of the dray passed over his head, fracturing the skull so that he died in a few minutes. The deceased was only nineteen years of age, and was employed in driving dray for his father, Mr. Wm. Simons, who resides in Kensington. The Coroner held an inquest over the body, and a verdict was returned in accordance with the facts.

ANOTHER CONVICTION.—John Paul, indicted for murder, before the Quarter Sessions, was, on Saturday last, pronounced by the Jury, guilty of murder in the second degree. He was indicted for the murder of Greble, at Kensington, on Tuesday the 7th of May. No sentences have yet been passed upon the convicted in these cases.

☞ The business of the United States Custom House is now conducted in the old United States Bank, the removal of the papers, &c., having been made, and the place re-named Custom House. Verily the builders expected nothing like this.

ANOTHER ARREST.—A young man named Lawson, was committed by the Mayor, on Monday, charged with murder, as an active participator in the Kensington riots. He was himself wounded in both legs, during the riot.

ALMSHOUSE EXPENDITURES.—The County Auditors report that the total expenditures, exclusively for the maintenance of the poor in the Almshouse, during this fiscal year, amount to $79,011 86, and that the average number of paupers maintained from this amount is 1,663, which makes an average of 90 cents per week for each pauper. The amount of poor tax assessed for the year 1844, is $194,824 58.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY.—The new building for the Mercantile Association, at the corner of Fifth and Library streets, is being pushed forward with much expedition. The lower story is marble, and will be ornamented with columns on the Fifth street front. It will be several months yet, before the structure can be completed.

ACQUITTAL.—On Monday, a small lad, named Wilson Taylor, charged with being engaged in the destruction of Patrick Clark's public house, in Kensington, was acquitted. On the same day, John Bennett pleaded guilty to a charge of participation in those disturbances.

Religious Intelligence.

☞ The New York True Sun says:—"Bishop Onderdonk, of this Diocese, is to be presented for trial to a Convention of Bishops, to assemble on the 10th of December next, in this city. Bishops Meade, Elliot, and Otey, are the presenting prelates. The charges are deemed sufficient to make a presentment unavoidable."

☞ Two new Churches have lately been built in the town of Danville, Pa., one for the Lutheran Congregation, and the other for the Welsh. Both are neat and comfortable edifices, and give evidence of the rapid increase of population there.

☞ The oldest meeting house, says the Salem Observer, now standing in New England, and probably in the United States, is the Rev. Mr. Richardson's, in Hingham; being erected in 1680—one hundred and sixty-four years ago.

☞ The Eighth Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania Baptist Convention was held in Milton, Northumberland County, on Friday, the 25th ult. The introductory sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Dodge.

☞ Governor Bouck has appointed Thursday, 12th of December, to be observed as a day of Thanksgiving and Praise throughout New York.

☞ Thursday, the 28th, the same day as in Massachusetts and Michigan, is appointed in Rhode Island, as a day of Thanksgiving and Praise.

☞ The Governor of Maine has appointed Thursday, the 5th of December, to be observed as a day of Thanksgiving throughout that State.

General News.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—Mr. George W. Carmer, of Wilkesbarre, was out hunting with Mr. Jacob Kutz, of the same place, last week. While resting on a fence, a rail broke and precipitated Mr. Kutz to the ground, the shock breaking his arm. The pain of the fracture being intense, and disabling Mr. K. from walking home, Mr. Carmer procured a wagon, and placed Mr. K. in it, but in raising his gun, accidentally discharged the whole load into his own head, causing immediate death.

EARTHQUAKE AT SEA.—A shock of an earthquake was experienced at sea on the 20th of October, by the brig Judson, at New York from Demerara. Capt. Hardie, of the barque Louisa, who arrived at Baltimore from Valparaiso, reports that he and all his crew felt a shock very sensibly, on the same day, in lat. 22 47 N., long. 61, 50. The two vessels were four hundred miles apart at the time, the New York vessel being about one hundred miles N. N. W. of the Island of Saba.

☞ Nelson Webber and others, have recently recovered $20,033 33, of the Penobscot, Me., Boom Corporation,—for negligently, and carelessly managing, so that a large quantity of logs belonging to the plaintiffs, were unreasonably delayed and kept back from being rafted out of the boom, occasioning great loss by delay and by a large number of logs being carried away in the ice, and drifted out to sea.

SLAVE SHIPS.—The following Spanish and Portuguese slavers had been taken, and all the Spaniards and some of the others condemned at Sierra Leone:—Schooner Conception (Spanish,) was captured at Galenas, 23d of Sept. No slaves on board. Brig Constantia, (Spanish) two months previous. No slaves on board. Three Portuguese—names not known. Some of them had slaves on board.

☞ Improvement batters down the vestiges of antiquity. That venerable and interesting monument of antiquity, the ancient Castle of Berwick, in England, is to be levelled with the ground, in order to allow space for the terminus of the railway forming between that town and Edinburg. This is a little too bad, as the road might better be a few feet shorter than the castle destroyed.

☞ Information has been received at the Department of State that the instalments due on the 30th of April and 30th of July last, under the Convention between the United States and the Mexican Republic of the 30th of January, 1843, were paid by that Government on the 22d of August last.

☞ At Massat, in France, two male children were born within two minutes of each other. The babies were put into one cradle, and the result was an impossibility to distinguish which was the uncle and which the nephew, as the mothers of the two were mother and daughter.

☞ The poor woman named Catharine Hewson, an emigrant from Ireland, who threw her child overboard from a Long Island steamboat, in August last, has been acquitted of murder. The jury did not leave their seats, deeming her evidently insane. She will be sent to the Lunatic Asylum.

☞ The Bey of Morocco has sent a frigate load of wild beasts as a present to Queen Victoria, and the smallest of small ponies to his little royal highness, the Prince of Wales. Probably as an atonement for his calling Her Majesty a witch and a female limb of Sathanus in his cups.

☞ At the last meeting of the Directors of the Reading Railroad Company, it was unanimously determined to discontinue all use of the road on the Sabbath, after the expiration of this month, thus granting to all persons in their employment the enjoyment of the weekly day of rest.

☞ On the 7th instant, a Tablet was placed on the rock of Cape Diamond, near the spot where General Montgomery fell, with his two Aides-de-Camp, Majors McPherson and Cheeseman, at Pres-de-Ville, in the attack upon Quebec by the American forces, in the winter of 1775-6.

☞ On Saturday last there were 95 sail of sloops and schooners at the wharves of Albany, besides the usual number of steamboats and tow boats. The arrivals and clearances of canal boats were, last year, an average of 80 per day, and will this year considerably increase.

☞ A man who was frozen to death in Iowa, last winter, when the thermometer was two degrees below zero, was brought before a jury of inquest. They handed in a verdict of "death by freezing;" and the thermometer was found guilty of "murder in the *second degree*."

☞ Major Noah says that the young eels about Niagara Falls have the faculty of sculling themselves up the perpendicular precipice, and against the tremendous torrent of the great cataract, 159 feet high. Rather tough—but them eels *are* tough.

☞ The Revenue Cutter Erie boarded the British schooner Georgiana, which had been driven on shore in Lake Erie by the late gale, and after the crew of the cutter were two days and nights employed, finally succeeded in getting her off in safety.

DISTRESSING MORTALITY.—The Pittsburgh Chronicle says:—"In the family of a man in moderate circumstances, named Darrah, who resides upon a farm adjoining that of the Hon. William Kerr, in this county, a painful mortality has occurred from catarrhal fever. Mr. Darrah had a family of eleven children. A few days since three of them were taken sick with the fever about the same time, and in twenty-four hours they were all dead. They were buried in the same grave. A short time after, three others were taken sick, and when our informant yesterday left home, one of them had died, and the other two were not expected to survive until night.

IN LUCK.—A young Yankee, named Coleman, for a long time, barely made subsistance in Boston, by teaching people to play on the accordian. He afterwards patented a sort of lyre accordian, and finally added an "Aeolian attachment" to the patent, which excited much notice. This poor young fellow has suddenly sprang into affluence and fame! In New York $100,000 has been agreed to be paid him for his improvement of the piano; and in London, where he is now, he has become the lion of the day—and it is said that he will receive half a million of dollars for his patent there, besides being petted by the nobility of Great Britain.

STAND FOR BUSINESS.—A Frenchman being about to remove his shop, his landlord inquired the reason, stating, at the same time, that it was considered a very good stand for business. The Frenchman replied, with a shrug of his shoulders, "Oh, yes, he's very good stand for de business; ma foi, me stands all day, nobody come to make me move."

☞ The Sangamo (Ill.) Journal states that bears are coming down into the north part of Illinois from Wisconsin, and that several have been killed in Winnebago county. This movement of bears south, it is said, betokens a coming hard winter.

☞ There are thirteen newspapers published at present in Wisconsin Territory—six Democrats, five Whigs, one Abolition, and one Neutral. This speaks well for the future prospects of this rich and fertile territory.

CHEAP LIVING.—In Middle Tennessee you can buy as much corn as you want at ten cents a bushel; butter at five cents a pound, chickens at twelve and a half cents a pair, and turkeys at twenty-five cents each.

☞ A large black dog was killed near Montpelier, Vermont, a few days since, which is supposed to have killed, during the last twelve months, upwards of one hundred and fifty sheep.

☞ Mr. Wm. Duff, superintendent of the locomotive department at Canton, Md., has invented a new "Hydrostatic Safety Valve," for the purpose of preventing explosion on steamboats, &c.

☞ By an act of the Legislature of New Hampshire, the question of abolishing capital punishment was referred to the people. The people, by their votes, have decided *against* the measure.

IT HAS LONG been stated in the newspapers, that a woman never looks so supremely ridiculous as when she attempts to smoke, to whistle, chase turkies through the tall grass, or talk politics.

☞ The King of Saxony, who purchased from a jeweller to the amount of $30,000 for presents, during his visit to England, has been swindled, most of the stones turning out to be false.

☞ The daughter of Mr. William Coontel, about twelve years old, was struck by lightning near Louisville, Kentucky, a few days since, and instantly killed.

☞ The thirtieth anniversary of the expulsion of the Spaniards from Mexico, was celebrated throughout that Republic on the 11th of September last.

☞ The exports of Boston during the month of October, were as follows:—Domestic produce, $387,674; foreign produce, $89,122. Total, $476,796.

☞ The steamer Great Western left New York on her last trip for the season, on Saturday last, with a fair number of passengers, and a large mail.

☞ Mr. Samuel Dudley, of East Montpelier, Vermont, killed on the 1st inst., a porker, 234 days old, which weighed, when dressed, 341 pounds.

☞ Louis Philippe's children, grand children, sons-in-law and daughters-in-law, amount to 23 in number, and their united ages are 971 years!

☞ The present year's crop of sugar in Louisiana, it is estimated, will reach 180,000 or 200,000 hogsheads. The corn crop will be good.

☞ Mr. Pell, of Ulster county, N. Y., has an orchard of twenty thousand trees bearing the Newtown pippins.

☞ Maine owns 350,000 tons of shipping, about one sixth part of which belongs to the city of Portland.

☞ The Monroe, Pa., Democrat states that the small pox has made its appearance in Orwigsburg.

☞ Kennett's Shot Tower, at St. Louis, Missouri, fell to the ground on the 2d inst.

New York City.

☞ The New York Express says:—"The Mexican steamships, which came in here for repairs some months since, still remain snugly moored off the Navy Yard, and on Friday night a sloop of war of the same nation, arrived and anchored near by the steamers. There are various rumors touching the detention of these vessels here, but one plausible one is the danger of being taken prisoners by some Texans, who they fear are on the watch for them, under some naval marauder."

☞ Morning riding on horseback has become one of the autumn fashionable amusements of the city of New York. Broadway and the principal avenues are the fashionable places, and every pleasant morning, ladies and gentlemen may be seen upon the wing.

☞ The New Jersey Pilots brought into New York, during the month of October, 45 vessels, of which 41 were boarded out sight of land—and piloted out 57. No damage or loss during the month.

☞ The new Post Office in New York, will be ready for business about the second week in December. Our readers remember that it is the Middle Dutch Church, transformed.

☞ A three hundred and forty feet steamer has just been framed at Brown's ship yard, at the Dry Dock, N. Y., for the Albanians. She will be out in the Spring.

☞ The shipments of specie from New York last week, amounted to $850,000.

☞ The number of Deaths in New York, last week, was 159.

Notes of the Weather, &c.

FROM KEY WEST.—We have the *Light of the Reef*, a paper printed on that sand bank, of the 9th and 19th ultimo. The former paper contains a report of the effects of the hurricane of the 5th ultimo, which was so severely felt there and on the Island of Cuba—and the loss of the wrecking-sloop Mount Vernon, with most of her crew. The paper of the 19th mentions that a dead body, supposed to be that of Jacob Gomaz, one of the crew, had been picked up and interred on Indian Key.

☞ The Tazewell County (Ill.) Democrat, states that on the 18th ult., that neighborhood was visited by a violent snow storm, which lasted nearly the whole day, and covered the ground "to a considerable depth." It adds that, at sunrise on the 19th, "the thermometer stood at 27 degrees." We learn from the Pittsfield Sucker, that "a regular snow storm" was also experienced in Pike County, at the same time, followed by a few cold days—some of the snow remaining on the ground till the morning of the 21st.

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance.
Postmasters are requested to *frank* their letters addressed to us. The word "*free*" of itself is not a frank.
Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.
Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.
Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.
Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.
Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.
Removals must always state the Post Office *removed from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, assisted by *Moses Meeker, Jas. R. Smith, O. H. Comstead, J. E. Humphreys, J. T. Dent and E. Y. Jennings*.
JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.
HENRY M. LEWIS is collecting for us in Alabama and Tennessee.
JAMES H. STEVENSON and JOHN F. JOHNSON are our agents in Kentucky and Missouri.
ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, and Henry Platt*.
THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.
WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.
JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.
☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Notices of New Works.

The Public and Private Life of Lord Chancellor Eldon, *with Selections from His Correspondence by Horace Twiss, Esq. Two volumes. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.*—Chancellor Eldon was one of the few men who seem to retain their faculties down to the latest moment of a long life. Born in 1751, he died in 1838, in his 87th year. In 1776 he was called to the bar, in 1788 appointed Solicitor General, in 1799 Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and in 1801 was appointed Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, which office he held until 1827, with the intermission of a few months, making altogether a period of nearly twenty-five years. He was steward of the University of Oxford from 1801 till his decease.

In the records of a professional and public life, embracing nearly three quarters of a century, and by the aid of the correspondence, diaries, and recollections of contemporaries, the reader will not need to be told that there is a vast fund of important, legal, historical, and personal matter "ana," and anecdote. It is a work of a descriptive which we have frequently commended, as adding history, and will find a most ready sale, and wide demand. His character as a jurist, exact, cautious, and slow in making up his decisions—his character as a man, in many points an enigma—and his very long public life give the book an interest to all readers, but especially to the profession. And over the whole there is the charm which narrative of persons, always possesses, particularly when they have filled so prominent situations as he. We are all glad to find out what the lion looks like, in the dishabille of private life, when his face is not made up for public observation.

Revival of Waldie. In another column will be found the advertisement of Smith's Weekly Volume, which we commend to the attention of our readers. All those who remember the delightful series of books sent out every week by mail in "Waldie's Select Circulating Library," will be rejoiced to see the system revived by the same editor, but with better type and paper, and much cheaper. Those who do not possess the old numbers of "Waldie" have now an opportunity of forming rapidly a library of their own, containing the best works of the day, in various departments, of Novels, Voyages, and Travels, Biography, Tales, Sketches, Memoirs, &c., and at a price, *by the year*, less than the cost of a single book.

Heads of families have here an opportunity to introduce into the domestic circle, interesting and always unobjectionable books. The Editor says: "while it addresses itself to the literary, and those possessed of the invaluable riches of *taste*, it will, in all its selections, keep in view, the dissemination of the agreeable, as well as the useful: there shall be no prosing dissertations, but there shall also be no catering from the licentious or even the carefully concealed wickedness of the European press. The issue of the experiment will prove that there is a very large class with intelligence enough to relish the best production of the day, when sifted from the trash."

The *Weekly Volume* will probably be the most valuable periodical to the general reader on this side the Atlantic, containing, as it does, original literary matter and news, and an impartial review of the literary market, in addition to the book matter.

Clever Stories, for Boys and Girls. *By Mrs. Sherwood. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.* This is a little volume containing three little stories by Mrs. Sherwood: Think Before You Act, Jack the Sailor Boy, and Duty is Safety—each excellent, and addressing itself in an understandable way to the feelings and sympathies of the little folks. Either of the three stories, by the way, may be procured in a separate volume. This work is got up with the neatness that characterises all the publications of the Messrs. Appleton. As fine a collection of Holiday Books may be found in this establishment as in the country.

Holiday Tales. *Philadelphia: George S. Appleton.* Among the many story books and other offerings for children, which make their appearance at this period, this is well worthy of its place. One story in it, Mr. Bolt, and the Giant Atmodes, is, as an allegory, of high merit, well conceived, and in its parallels, all capitally carried out. It is worth every body's reading. All the tales in the book are good—capital fire side companions, and will serve at once to amuse and to instruct.

Castle Dismal, or, The Bachelor's Christmas. *A Domestic Legend. By W. G. Simms. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co., and T. B. Peterson.* The title of this story is a caution to those neglecters of their duty who remain single, while there are so many ladies waiting to make them happy, and the story is told in the popular novelist's usual interesting manner.

Tales from Shakspeare. The third number of Howett's illustrated edition of Lamb's Tales from Shakspeare, contains the story of Cymbeline. The thirty-second number of the Illustrated Shakspeare gives us the comedy of Errors. Both these beautifully printed works are supplied by T. B. Peterson, and Zieber & Co.

The Ruined Gamester, Pride or Principle; and Family Pride, are the titles of three little books, published by *Lindsay & Blakiston*. They are all apparently by the same hand, and contain good lessons, conveyed in an attractive and winning style. The titles suggest their moral and tendency.

The Natural History of Courtship. *By Punch. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart, and T. B. Peterson.* This is another draught on the apparently inexhaustible spine of fun which Punch furnishes. It will amuse married and unmarried. It is illustrated with engravings as comical as the text.

Revue Française. *N. York: Breteau. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co.* The second number of this work has appeared, and is, it seems to us, an improvement upon the first. If conducted and kept up according to its intention, it will be a popular and acceptable magazine.

The Douay Bible—parts seven and eight, with a picture of the Crucifixion, have been received by the Philadelphia publisher, *Wm. J. Cunningham*.

A MELANCHOLY PICTURE.

Our readers recollect the brief notices which were published some time since, of the mortality at Woodville, Mississippi, caused by the yellow fever. The editor of the Woodville Republican, a convalescent, in a late number of his paper, presents the following pathetic and touching description of the effects of the epidemic:

Our heart is heavy and almost desolate, our spirits die within us, as we sit down and think of the scenes of the last few weeks. We have just crawled from the brink of the grave, and pausing in feebleness and exhaustion not far from the door way, we look around for the "old familiar faces"—but we see them not. The eyes that beamed upon us in joyful welcome, will look upon us no more. The voices eloquent and harmonious, to which we loved to listen, are still, and the hands that spoke the warm heart's friendship in their manly pressure, stiff and cold, are crossed upon those faithful bosoms whence we have been accustomed to derive counsel and encouragement, now as still and unfeeling as the clods that lie above them.

"We call, but they answer not again," and friendship and love in all their anguish seemed constrained to inquire,

"Do they love us yet?"

But the question falls without an echo, and no answer comes back from that shore where our friends that so lately walked these streets with us, have gone. We look around us. Yonder, heap beside heap, in many a row, lie gathered into one neighborhood the old and the young—the rich and the poor; all the cares and anxieties of life forgotten; and the tenements that held those fiery spirits are as quiet now as if they had never been aught save part and parcel of that dust with which they now mingle.

The terrible disease has robbed us of many of the very best citizens of which we could boast. With the grasp of an invisible Hercules its almighty hand came down upon the hearts of men, crushing out the very spark of life, ere people were well aware that their friends were in danger. Then came the sound and sight of woe, such as our little village never conceived of before. The anvil ceased to echo forth its clang, the sledge was unlifted, the bellows breathed not, the fire of the furnace burned out. The saw, the plane, and the hammer grew still. Merchants shut up their stores, and walked home to die. No sound came upon the ear, save the clink of the hammer, or the grating of the saw, as the undertaker hastily threw together the last narrow withdrawing room of poor mortality. Then there was suffering. Disease and death soon had a great majority, and the very few that remained to take care of the many sick, looked more like the ghosts of those who had died, than living men and women.

People fled their homes in fright and consternation. Every thing seemed to partake of the general terror. The foliage of the trees turned yellow, the sky was of a pale sickly green, and for six weeks the hollow wind came from the north and east incessantly, with a deathliness in its touch enough to shatter the nerves of the healthy. Our streets were deserted.

The grass bid fair to spring up where merry feet had so recently gone down. Yet there was one road in which no grass grew. It led to the grave yard. Along that track the hearse constantly journeyed with its gloomy rumble, followed by a few friends of those within it, and obliged to slack its pace again and again to let the tottering invalids, that struggled hard to follow, come up—poor, half-sick creatures, expending their last strength in this last sad office of friendship, a deed soon to be performed for many of them, by others as feeble as themselves.

But the disease has nearly ceased its ravages—only because there are no more subjects to act upon. It has swept us like fire and whirlwind. Had it been in New York City, with its teeming thousands, and been as fatal in proportion as it has with us, it would have swept off fifty thousand persons.

CONSOLIDATION.

A meeting of citizens of Philadelphia and the adjoining districts, was held on Monday evening, pursuant to call, in the Court Room, corner of Sixth and Chestnut Streets. The room was filled to overflowing, and organized by the appointment of Samuel Webb as Chairman, and William H. Fry, and Alexander Webb, as Secretaries. The following resolutions offered by Andrew Miller, were adopted:

"*Whereas*, The Municipal Government of what is generally known as Philadelphia, is vested in the Select and Common Councils of the city, the Boards of Commissioners of Southwark and Moyamensing on the south, and of the Northern Liberties, Spring Garden, Kensington, and the recently incorporated district of Penn on the north, each exercising exclusive and unlimited powers of municipal government within their respective districts; and,

"*Whereas*, This scattered, sub-divided, and sectional government of what is in reality but one city and one community, has led to serious evils, and especially those which arise from the want of an active, well organized, and efficient police; and whereas, it is apparent that no effective or other essential regulations suited to a community like ours can be established while its government remains in its present scattered and sub-divided situation—Therefore,

"1st. *Resolved*, That the population contained within the city, and the several adjoining incorporated districts of the County of Philadelphia is essentially but one community, and ought to be under but one municipal government.

"2d. *Resolved*, That by the establishment of but one government much difficulty arising from a collision and clashing of sectional interests and sectional jealousies would be avoided—much money might be saved by destroying the existing spirit of sectional emulation, and much might be added to the character and dignity of our city.

"3d. *Resolved*, That experience has taught us that however well adapted a Sheriff's posse may be to the government of a rural district, it is not suited to that of a dense population, but that the best government for a city like ours, is a permanent civil police, with power to act legally, and the disposition and strength to act promptly and effectually, at any point within the limits of such population where the germs of commotion or riot may make their appearance.

"4th. *Resolved*, That the great and essential service rendered to our community, by our volunteer Firemen, should induce us to bear with charity some of the faults and failings of the volunteer system, but order and discipline are as necessary in a body of volunteer Firemen, as they are in an army of volunteer Soldiers, and as there can be no discipline maintained, without power to punish adequately all breaches of it, one government, with power to enact a general law for that purpose, is imperatively necessary, in order to establish and maintain a proper discipline in our Fire Department.

"5th. *Resolved*, That in the opinion of this meeting, it would be unwise to continue the several existing governments, and establish another with power to act over the territory comprised in all of them, for that would be piling government upon government at a heavy cost to the people—would cause collision and jealousy, and in all probability, create the evils it was designed to prevent. But with one government, one set of laws, one efficient civil police, with one energetic officer at its head, we may confidently hope that the peace of our community will be preserved, and the property of its citizens protected, without the unpleasant necessity of a resort to armed military force.

"6th. *Resolved*, That the officers of this meeting appoint a Committee, to consist of six persons from the city, three from the Northern Liberties, two from Southwark, two from Kensington, two from Spring Garden, and one from Moyamensing, whose duty shall be to prepare a bill for the Incorporation and government of the proposed city, to be presented to the Legislature at the commencement of the coming session, and a memorial to that body, asking for its passage into a law, and sending a copy of said bill, when it is prepared, to the City Councils and Boards of Commissioners of each of the adjoining Districts, and to be submitted to an adjourned meeting to be held at the State House Yard, at the call of the Committee.

"7th. *Resolved*, That in proposing this measure, we have no other desire than to promote the public good, conscientiously believing that its consummation will prove of great and lasting benefit to the community of which we are a part, and such being our motives, we desire that all the public papers will give publicity to our proceedings.

"The following persons were appointed to act as the Committee:

"*City*—Henry Horn, William H. Fry, Fredk Stoever, Andrew Miller, Samuel Webb, Wm. White.

"*Northern Liberties*—John M. Kennedy, Alexander Cummings, Wm. F. Ireland.

"*Kensington*—Samuel Grier, Samuel F. Bodine.

"*Spring Garden*—George Williams, Freeman Scott.

"*Southwark*—Henry L. Benner, Thomas D. Grover.

"*Moyamensing*—James A. Campbell.

"*Penn*—Edward T. Tyson."

We are aware that in the carrying out of a reform like the above, there are many difficulties to be met, many interests to reconcile and many parties, of various and discordant materials to conciliate—but the existence of these heterogeneous elements only farther demonstrates the absolute necessity of their fusion into one municipal body. And we do think that if the several corporations and municipalities meet upon the question in the proper spirit, there will be no insurmountable obstacle in the way of a reform which is earnestly desired by all our citizens, if only effected in an impartial manner. A law might be framed which would secure to all parties their due representation in the municipal government, and in the State Legislature; and the debts and liabilities of the several districts could be certainly adjusted. We do hope that the arrangement may be effected—for it is important to the peace of the county and to the honor of the State.

Notices of the Dead.

Death of Gov. Runnels.—The Brandon, Mississippi Advocate, says that Gen. H. G. Runnels, formerly Governor of this State, who emigrated to Texas about two years since, had met a violent death. Report says he was assassinated by a band of lawless rascals, who waylaid and shot him. It is said that Gov. Runnels, and some other respectable gentlemen, were sent, by the civil authority, to arrest a parcel of men who were committing various acts of violence under the authority of "Lynch," or, as they styled themselves, "regulators." They, or a part of them, were secured and lodged in jail, and Gov. Runnels and his associates of law and order were returning home, they were fired on, and several others beside himself killed. It was hoped that this report would prove unfounded.

☞ The Rev. Wilson Conner, a Baptist minister in Georgia, fell dead in the pulpit on the fifth Sabbath in June last, after preaching from these words—"Verily, verily I say unto you, the hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live."

Death of Dr. Forry.—The New York Atlas says:—"We regret to have to record the demise of the well known Dr. Forry, editor of the New York Journal of Medicine, and author of several scientific works. This melancholy event occurred on Saturday morning. It has deprived the medical profession of one who has rendered no mean service to its advancement and promotion, and we are pained to remark, adds another to the list of martyrs of science, or at least exhibits the sad spectacle of a premature victim to arduous scientific pursuits."

☞ Died, at Little Rock, Arkansas, on the 8th ult., of apoplexy, First Lieut. William Bowman, of the First Regiment U. S. Dragoons. He was interred by the Little Rock Guards, with military honors, and the ceremonies at the church and the grave, were numerously attended by the citizens.

☞ Died, at Hartford, Connecticut, on Thursday, October 31st, Mrs. Catharine Putnam, widow of the late Col. Daniel Putnam, of Brooklyn, and daughter-in-law of Gen. Israel Putnam, in her 88th year.

Personal News.

☞ We learn from the Baltimore Sun, that Mr. Tyson, assistant Postmaster General, has tendered his resignation to the President, to take effect so soon as his successor can be appointed. With the President and all the friends of the administration, Mr. T. continues to bear the most friendly relations. Who his successor will be is not yet known.

☞ Governor Porter has appointed Samuel Darrah, Esq., of Doylestown, High Sheriff of Bucks County, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Thomas Purdy, Esq.

☞ Capt. John Lane, the Postmaster at Shelbyville, has been appointed by the President, U. S. Marshal for Kentucky District, vice, Col. Blackburn, removed.

☞ James J. Wright, of Ohio, has been appointed Consul of the United States for the port of Santiago de Cuba, in the place of Michael Mahon, deceased.

☞ Governor Porter has appointed Luther Kidder, Esq., late Senator from Luzerne District, Judge of Schuylkill District.

☞ E. Thompson, Esq. editor of the Quincy, Illinois, Herald, has been appointed Register of the Land Office, at that place.

☞ Hon. John C. Calhoun, Secretary of State, has returned to Washington, from his visit to South Carolina.

☞ Joseph Graham, Esq., of Ohio, has been appointed Consul of the United States to Buenos Ayres.

☞ Hon. James K. Polk completed his fiftieth year on Saturday last.

Army & Navy.

☞ Some heavy pieces of ordnance, which were on board the Missouri when she was burned at Gibraltar, have been raised and brought home, and are now at the Navy Yard at Brooklyn. They are rendered worthless, however, by being subjected to the intense heat when she was destroyed, and then suddenly submerged in the water. So brittle has the metal become by this sudden action of heat and cold, that one of the 44 pounders broke during their removal as "short as a pipe stem."

☞ Orders have been issued from the Navy Department, that the sloop of war Portsmouth, now lying at Portsmouth, N. H., proceed immediately to Norfolk, there to join the sloop Jamestown. If the sloop of war St. Mary's can be fitted out in time, she will join the two vessels named above. The object is to test the sailing qualities of three of the six new sloops, finished within the year.

☞ The following is a list of the officers of the U. S. store ship Erie, arrived at New York from Norfolk, bound to the coast of Africa—Lieut. commanding, Charles C. Turner. Acting Midshipman, E. Donaldson. Passed Midshipman, H. A. Clawson. Midshipmen, N. B. Harrison, C. W. Hays, C. W. Poor and W. H. Bloom.

☞ The Madisonian contains an extract of a letter dated June 12, from Com. Parker, with the following announcement:—"Mr. Rowland Taber, the acting gunner of the brig Perry, died at sea the 21st of June. Hiram Tarbox, (O. S.) of the ship, died on the 21st of May, after a long illness of pulmonary consumption."

☞ Capt. Stockton has received orders to proceed to Gosport Navy Yard with the steamship Princeton, where she is to be put on the Dry Dock for repairs. From thence she is to proceed to sea.

☞ Capt. Charles W. Skinner has been appointed to the command of the African Squadron, and will go out in the U. S. ship Jamestown, now fitting at Gosport, Va., to relieve Com. Perry.

☞ The U. S. frigate Potomac arrived at Norfolk on Thursday week, at 5 P. M., in 38 hours from the Capes of the Delaware, and 67 hours from Reedy Island.

☞ The U. S. brig Porpoise, Lieut. Cramp, commanding, arrived at Monrovia on the 21st of August, and sailed on the 23d for the windward.

☞ Some large guns for the U. S. Government have just been finished at Pittsburg. They weigh *five tons*.

Miscellaneous News.

Vermont Asylum.—By the annual report of the Vermont Asylum for the Insane, just published, the institution appears to be in a prosperous condition. The buildings have been enlarged this season, furnishing greater accommodations, and improving the means of classification; 232 patients have enjoyed its advantages the past year, 74 have been discharged, and 158 now remain. Of those discharged, 51 have recovered. The terms are fixed at $2 per week, or $80 per year, if the patient remain so long in the institution. Patients from other States are received on the same terms as those from Vermont.

☞ A large bed of copper ore has been discovered in the Kickapoo country, Wisconsin, about twelve miles above Prairie du Chien, and six miles from the Mississippi river. It is said to be seven per cent. richer than that found about Mineral Point, and from its appearance will yield twenty per cent. of pure copper. Two thousand pounds of the ore are raised daily.

☞ Northern Texas is fast filling up, emigrants are pouring into that section more rapidly than any other portion of the Republic. Four hundred families from Missouri and Illinois have lately settled on the Upper Trinity; they are the old pioneers of the Western States, are well armed, and prepared to defend themselves against Mexicans or Indians.

☞ The Iowa river is now regularly navigated by steamboats. The Reporter, published at Iowa City, notices the arrival of a boat which was immediately loaded with wheat for the St. Louis market. It is only six or seven years since the banks of the Iowa, from the source of the river to its mouth, were an unbroken wilderness.

☞ The Westminster (Md.) Carrollionian says that an ear of corn was raised on the farm of Mr. Abraham Null, on Monocracy, this season, having on it one thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight grains—measuring one pint and a half of shelled corn.

☞ By an ingenious process, wheat standing in Michigan in the morning is frequently flour at night. It is cut, threshed, and made ready for the mill at once, by a machine which goes over from twenty-five to thirty acres per day.

☞ A cobbler on Dauphin street, who also professes to teach music, has the following sign over the door:

"Delightful task to mend the tender boot,
And teach the young idea how to FLUTE."

Savage Dog.—The Baltimore Sun states that on Saturday afternoon, a ferocious dog, belonging to a man in that city, by some means got out of the yard and attacked a colored woman, who was so much injured as to be unable to walk home; she was taken to her residence in a carriage. The dog then walked into Mr. Roszel's house, where he found a lady and gentleman, both strangers to him. The lady was bitten, and the gentleman, Dubernard, a neighbor, was also so much torn and lacerated as to be unable to walk home. Mr. Dubernard is an aged man, and we learn, lies in rather a precarious situation. The dog was despatched, after having three shots fired into him.

Mount Savage Railroad.—We find in the papers an announcement of the completion of this road, which forms the connection between the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, at Cumberland, and the extensive Iron Works and Coal Mines of the Mount Savage Company, on Jennings' Run. We learn that on Saturday next the transportation of the coal to this city, over the two railroads, will be commenced, and go on at the rate of about one thousand tons per week. The shipping depot of the coal will be at Canton.

☞ Mr. Van Rensselaer, who has had a difficulty with his tenants in New York, it is said is about to make his residence in Pennsylvania, in order that he may bring a suit against the State of New York, in the United States Supreme Court, to compel that State to have its laws executed against those tenants who resist his right. His place of residence, it is understood, will be in Bristol.

☞ John M. Bassett was tried in Baltimore on Thursday of last week, for illegal voting, both on the Gubernatorial and Presidential elections, and fined $20 and costs for each offence. He is from Washington, D. C.

☞ The cost of the suppression of the Canadian rebellion was about five millions and a half of pounds—over twenty millions of dollars.

Fires.

A Prairie on Fire.—The St. Louis New Era of the 1st instant, says: "From Captain Damothe of the steamboat Luella, which arrived to-day from Alton, we learn that on yesterday evening a fire broke out in the Monticello prairie, a few miles back of Alton, and raged with great fury. Many farms were overrun by the fire, and the fences, barns, outhouses and crops destroyed. The farm of Mr. Corey, the Superintendant of the Monticello Female Seminary, was much injured, and all the buildings on it consumed except the dwellings. There came in expresses from the country for aid, and many of the citizens of Alton went out to render assistance in arresting the progress of the fire and saving property. The light was visible from this city last evening, a distance of more than twenty miles."

☞ The sugar house of Messrs. Joseph A. & F. A. Frere, of St. Mary Parish, Louisiana, together with all its machinery, valued at $19,000, and sixty-five hogsheads of sugar, was entirely destroyed by fire on the 24th ult. No insurance. Messrs. Frere had, at the time of the fire, upwards of five hundred acres of cane standing, which was likely to be injured by the frost.

☞ The buildings in St. Louis, known as the Hope Mills, comprising a flouring mill, an oil mill and a carding factory, were consumed by fire on the 29th ult. They were owned by Mr. James C. Sutton, Dr. Culver and Mr. Black, who purchased the establishment, a short time since, for $10,000. Insured for $5,000 on the mills, and $1,000 on the stock.

☞ Between three and four o'clock on Monday morning, the large mansion house belonging to William Blackstone, on the Old York Road, near Logan's mill, about a mile and a half from Germantown, was destroyed by fire. The building was untenanted, and must, therefore, have been fired by an incendiary.

Fire in Boston.—On Tuesday morning, the stock of drugs of Mr. Edward Brinley, near Faneuil Hall, was destroyed by fire. Damage $40,000, or more. The old Hall was in danger, but escaped with a scorching.

☞ Jonathan Parkhurst's paper mill, at Millville, near Newark, New Jersey, was destroyed by fire on the night of the 6th instant,—cause unknown. Loss about $4,000—insured.

☞ The Scale Factory of Mr. Rigden, in Cincinnati, Ohio, was destroyed by fire on Wednesday week. Loss $2,000.

SAM SLICK AGAIN.

The admirers of Sam Slick will be highly pleased to hear that he is about to issue a new volume of his "Sayings and Doings," and that Messrs. Lea & Blanchard having received an early copy, will issue a cheap edition, forthwith. We have a specimen extract from the collection of funny pictures, with which we present the reader. It is an extract from Sam's notes at a Watering Place, and gives the portrait of

A FASHIONABLE PHYSICIAN.

"What a dear man *he* is!—the old like him and the young like him; the good like him, and the not so gooder like him; the well like him and the ill like him, and everybody likes him. *He never lost a patient yet.* Lots of 'em have died, but then they came there on purpose to die; they were done for in London, and sent to him to put out of pain; but he never lost one since he was knee high to a goose. He understands delicate young gals' complaints most beautiful that aint well, and are brought here for the waters. He knows nothin' is the matter of 'em but the 'visitin' fever;' but he don't let on to nobody, and don't pretend to know; so he tells Ma she must not thwart her dear gal: she is narvous, and won't bear contradiction—she must be amused, and have her own way. He prescribes a dose every other night of two pills, made of one grain of flour, two grains of sugar, and five drops of water, a-goin' to bed: and—that it's so prepared she can't take cold arter it, for there aint one bit of horrid mercury in it. Then he whispers to Miss 'dancin' is good exercise; spirits must be kept up by company. All nater is cheerful; why shouldn't young gals be? Canary birds and young ladies were never made for cages; the fools make cages for them sometimes.' The gal is delighted and better, and the mother is contented and happy. They both recommend the doctor, who charges cussed high, and so he ought: he made a cure, and he is paid with great pleasure.

"There is another lady, a widder, ill, that sends for him. He sees what she wants with half an eye, he is so used to symptoms. She wants gossip. 'Who is Mr. Adam?' says she 'Is he of the family of old Adam, or of the new family of Adam, that lives to Manchester?' 'Oh, yes! the family is older than sin, and as rich too,' says he. 'Who is that lady he walked with yesterday?' 'Oh! *she* is married,' says doctor. Widder is better directly. 'The sight of you, *dear* doctor, has done me good: it has revived my spirits: do call again.' 'It's all on the narves, my dear widder,' says he. 'Take two of these bread and sugar pills, you will be all right in a day or two, and, before goin' into company, take a table spoonful of this mixture. It's a new exhilarating sedative' (which means it's a dram of parfumed spirits). 'Oh! you will feel as charmin' as you look.' Widder takes the mixture that evenin', and is so brilliant in her talk, and so sparklin in her eyes, old Adam is in love with her, and is in a fair way to have his flint fixed by this innocent Eve of a widder.

"No sooner out of widder's house than a good lady sends for him. He laments the gaiety of the town—it's useless for him to contend against the current; he can only lament. How can invalids stand constant excitement? Tells a dreadful tale of distress of a poor orphan family. * * * * * * *
He will introduce the Rev. Mr. Abel, of the next parish, a worthy young man (capital living, and great expectations); he will show you where the family is.' 'Is his wife with him?' 'Oh, Lord love you! he is not married, or engaged either!' The good lady is *better* already. 'Good bye! dear doctor; pray come soon agin and see me.'

"He is a cautious man—a prudent man—a cute man, he always writes the rich man's London Physician, and approves of all he has done. That doctor sends him more dyin' men, the next train, to give the last bleedin' to. It don't do to send your patients to a crittur that ondervalues you, it taint safe. It might hurt you to have a feller goin' out of the world thinkin' you had killed him, and a roarin' at you like mad, and callin' you every name he could lay his tongue to, it's enough to ruin practice. Doctor, therefore, is punctilious and gentleman-like, he aint personal, he praises every London doctor individually and separately, and only d—ns 'em all in a lump."

T. B. PETERSON'S BOOK, MAGAZINE and PERIODICAL ESTABLISHMENT, is at number 98 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia, at which place all orders for him should be addressed. For particulars, the reader is referred to his advertisement in another column to-day.

The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

1940 shares	Girard Bank,	10½a10¼
1020 do.	Wilmington R. R.	25¼a25¾
80 do.	Delaware Insurance Co.	25
10 do.	Mer. & Man. Bank, Pittsburg,	45½
30 do.	United States Bank,	6¼
7 do.	Northern Bank of Kentucky,	92
6 do.	Philadelphia Bank,	107
5 do.	Norristown Railroad,	7½
4 do.	Mechanics Bank,	26
4 do.	Philadelphia & Lancaster Turnpike,	40
$15,000	State 5's, 5d,	70½
$15,000	State 5's, 5d	70½
$10,000	Texas Treasury Notes,	12½a12¾
$100	Wil. R. R. 6's, 1855,	80
$100	Lehigh 6's, 1845,	55
$52 50	Lehigh Mortgage Loan,	60
$5000	Penna 5's, 5 ds,	70¾
$1000	Tenn. 5's, 1st July,	83
$1000	Penna. 5's, 5 ds,	70½
$1000	Penna. 5's,	70½
$850	Penna 5's, Oct	69½
$5000	do. 5's, 5 ds,	71
$5000	State 5's, 5d,	70½
$5000	do. do.	70¾
$5000	do. do.	70¼
$5000	do. do.	70½
$5000	do. do.	70½
$5000	States 5's, 5d,	69½
$2000	do. do.	69½
100 do.	Wilmington Railroad,	25¾
14 do.	Far. & Mec. Bank,	42½
2 do.	Memphis Bank,	68

DIVIDENDS.

The Merchants' and Manufacturers' Bank of Pittsburg, has declared a dividend of three per cent. for the last six months.
The Exchange Bank of Pittsburg, has declared a dividend of three per cent. for the last six months.
The York Bank of Maryland, has declared a dividend of four per cent. for the last six months.
The Hanover (Pa.) Savings Fund Society has declared a dividend of four per cent.
The Tremont Mutual Insurance Company of Boston, have declared a dividend of three per cent., being interest on their capital stock for the last six months, payable on demand.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Bark exhibits no alteration; first No. 1 quercitron is held at $32, with a light stock. *Coffee* is dull; the only sales since our last weekly report are 600 bags Rio at 6¼a7, 4 and 6 mos. and a small lot of Java on private terms. *Cotton.*—The transactions of the last three days comprise about 250 bales at 5½c cash for ordinary, and 6½a7c for middling and fair Uplands and Mobile, cash and time. *Flour.*—We hear of no changes. *Fish.*—Nos. 1 and 2 mackerel are scarce, with a tendency to advance; sales at $12 and 10. *Flour and Meal.*—The market for flour has been exceedingly dull and depressed since our last weekly review, and no sales are reported for export except a lot of Brandywine in half bbls at $4,75 the pair; the nominal asking price of shipping brands is $4.37½; sales are only for city use at $4.37½ for fair, $4.50a4.62½ for bakers, and $4.75 for extra brands. Rye Flour—No stock on hand, we quote at $3,25. Corn meal is dull, small sales of Pa. at $2.37. *Grain.*—We notice sales of several lots Pa. wheat at 89a91c for fair and good reds, very prime 94c; about 3500 bushels southern sold at 92a93c; the market is rather dull. Rye is wanted, small sales of Pa. at 67a68c. Corn—Sales of three or four cargoes good southern yellow at 44c, white 40c; Pa. round 46½c. Oats—sales of 3000 bushels prime southern 27c, we quote good at 26a26c. *Lead.*—An arrival of pig, most of which has been previously sold and reported; a lot is offered at $4.2 cash. *Molasses* more active, and sales to the extent of 300 hhds Cuba, on private terms, leaving little in first hands. *Plaster* scarce, and would command $3. *Provisions* show no alteration in price, sales limited. *Seeds.*—Small sales of flaxseed at 128a130c. Cloverseed sells in lots at $3.75a3.87, prime parcels $4. *Salt.*—An arrival of Liverpool remains unsold. *Sugars.*—Small sales of Porto Rico at 6¼c 4 mos, and 60 hhds St. Jago on private terms; about 800 boxes Cubas have been taken for a neighboring market on terms we could not learn. *Whiskey* rather dull, small sales in hhds at 25½a26c, bbls 27½a28c.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—At market, 750 beef cattle, including 120 driven to New York. 100 cows and calves; 500 hogs and 2800 sheep. Prices—Beef cattle are dull; sales $3½ and 4.50 for common to good, and $5 for extra the 100 lbs. Cows and calves mostly sold at $18a30. Hogs—Sales at $4a4½ per 100 lbs. Sheep—Mostly sold at $1.50 to 3, prime $3.50.

New York, Nov. 11.—At market, 1000 beef cattle, 34 from the south, 35 cows and calves, and 25 sheep and lambs. Prices—Beef Cattle—Ordinary lots are dull. 25c per cwt cheaper—prime we quote $5.25a5.75, with extra at $6. Cows and Calves—All taken at $18a30. Sheep and Lambs—The latter we quote $1a2.25, and the former at $1.25a4 as in quality—left 500. Hogs—A good supply at previous quotations.

Baltimore, Nov. 8.—The supply of beef cattle at market this week has been full, and both packers and butchers have purchased liberally at prices about equal to those of last week. The offerings at the scales on Monday, comprised upwards of 700 head, of which 290 were taken by packers and 350 by butchers at prices ranging from $1.50 to 2.75 per 100 lbs on the hoof, equal to $3a4.25 nett. On Thursday 95 head of fresh cattle came in and were offered, together with those left over at the commencement of the week and 80 sold at $1.50a2 per 100 lbs on the hoof as in quality. Hogs—Live hogs have come in freely, and about 2000 head have been offered in the course of this week. We note sales of several parcels to packers, embracing probably about 800 head, at prices ranging from $3.62½ to 3.87½ per 100 lbs., averaging about $3.75.

Richmond, Nov. 7.—For cattle from the scales, gross weight, $4a4.25, nett, $4a4.50. Mutton—$2.00 to 3.00 gross, nett 4a6c, according to quality. Veals sell from $2 to 5 according to quality. Hogs, nett, $4½ to 4.62½ per 100 lbs.

The Franklin Institute of the State of Pennsylvania for the Promotion of the Mechanic Arts have awarded to Francis Maman, of Philadelphia, Pa., this testimonial of their appreciation for the skill and ingenuity displayed in a coat deposited by himself at their 15th exhibition of Domestic Manufactures, held in the city of Philadelphia on the 14th to 28th day of October, 1844. S. V. Merrick, President, Isaiah Lukens, Thos. Fletcher, Vice Presidents. J. B. Garrigues, Rec. Sec'y.
☞ The premium Coat may be seen at F. Maman's office, No. 211 Chesnut street.

Sands' Sarsaparilla.—Accidents often lead to experiments, and experiments to the development of great truths. The theory of gravitation sprung from the reflections of an intelligent man on the falling of an apple. It is presumed that the discovery of the peculiar properties of Sarsaparilla was accidental; and see how they have been concentrated and multiplied by experiment, until at last we have in Sands' Sarsaparilla, a preparation which has providentially been the means of mitigating the sufferings and saving the lives of thousands. But for the experiments which have thus resulted how many would now be enduring a burdensome existence, who rejoice in the possession of health? and how many, too, would have gone to the place appointed for all living, who are the pride of friends and the staff of families? Let those who are afflicted with those direful diseases of the skin and of the flesh and muscles, which are at once so disgusting and so painful, ponder these things and test the efficacy of Sands' Sarsaparilla before they are beyond the reach of medicine.
For farther particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained of the agents gratis.
Agents in Philadelphia, S. P. Thomson, corner of 5th and Spruce street, and Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street.
Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States. Price $1 per bottle—six bottles for $5.
Prepared and sold, Wholesale and Retail, by
A. B. & D. SANDS, Wholesale Druggists,
79 Fulton street, New York.

Rheumatism and Gout.—Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are a most extraordinary medicine for the cure of Rheumatism and Gout, because they not only cleanse the stomach and bowels of those morbid humors, which, if taken into the circulation and thrown upon the membrane and muscle, are the causes of the above painful maladies, but they excite the absorbent vessels to take up that which is already deposited, and therefore are absolutely certain to make a perfect cure of Rheumatism and Gout.
A single 25 cent box of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills will often give the most astonishing relief, and perseverance according to directions will be certain to drive pain of every description from the body.
Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills also aid and improve digestion, and purify the blood, and therefore give new life and vigor to the whole frame, as well as make a perfect cure of Rheumatism and Gout.
Beware of Counterfeits.—The public are respectfully informed that medicine purporting to be Indian Vegetable Pills, covered with a counterfeit lithographic label, and sold by Mr. Reed, Druggist, corner of Saratoga and Fayette streets, Baltimore, are not manufactured by me, and, therefore, are not the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.
The only security against imposition is to purchase from advertised agents, or at the following offices:
Offices devoted exclusively to the sale of the medicine, wholesale and retail, No. 169 RACE STREET, PHILADA., No. 288 Greenwich Street, New York, and No. 198 Tremont Street, Boston.
☞ *Observe*—The only authorised agent in Baltimore is Mr. Isaac P. Cook, Bookseller, No. 76 (formerly No. 20) Baltimore street. William Wright, Vice President North Am. Coll. of Health.

HEALTH OFFICE, NOVEMBER 9, 1844.

INTERMENTS

In the city of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township and Kensington, From the 2d to the 9th of November.

Diseases.	Adults	Children	Diseases.	Adults	Children
Cancer of Uterus,	1	0	Brought over,	34	38
Casualties,	1	0	——Lungs,	0	1
Croup,	0	6	——Stomach and Bowels,	3	0
Cholera Infantum,	0	1	——Kidneys,	1	0
——Morbus,	1	0	——Peritoneum,	1	0
Consumption of the Lungs,	21	8	——Pleura,	0	1
Convulsions,	0	7	Marasmus,	0	1
Dropsy, Abdominal,	2	0	Mortification,	0	2
——Head,	0	4	Old Age,	3	0
——Breast,	1	0	Palsy,	1	0
Disease of Brain,	0	1	Rheumatism,	1	0
Drowned,	1	0	——Heart,	0	1
Debility,	1	2	Scirrhus of the Stomach,	1	0
Fever, Bilious,	2	0	Scrofula,	0	1
——Scarlet,	0	3	Still Born,	0	6
Hemorrhage from Lungs,	1	0	Suicide,	1	0
Insanity,	0	1	Unknown,	0	1
Inflammation of the Brain,	1	0	Violence,	1	0
——Bronchi,	1	5	Whooping Cough,	0	1
Carried over,	34	38	Total,	100—47	53

Of the above there were 5 from the almshouse, 1 from the country, and 5 people of color, which are included in the total amount.
By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL F. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Nov. 3,	44	54	56
4,	54	55	54
5,	47	52	54
6,	46	50	53
7,	46	57	61
8,	55	58	59
9,	45	55	62

Graham's Periodical Establishment is at No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia where "Graham's Magazine," "Godey's Lady's Book," The "Ladies' National Magazine," and all the "Magazines" and CHEAP PUBLICATIONS can be ordered or obtained. Orders addressed, post paid, or franked, to T. B. PETERSON, No. 98 *Chesnut street, Philadelphia*, will meet with prompt attention.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Subscribers will find all remittances credited below. Those living in the vicinity of a Post Master can call upon him and have their letters containing money *franked*, if the letter contains nothing but what relates to the business of the office. Many hundred dollars might be saved us if attention was generally paid to this matter. It would be as well in as many cases as possible for the subscriber to write his own letter, and subject it to the inspection of the Post Master before sealing, as a mere line approving of the letter, and a frank on the outside will be all that the law requires, and will relieve him from much trouble.

Receipts for the United States Saturday Post from the 29th October to the 12th November.

October 29, received from			
G. R. Renton	$2 50	J. Stover, Jr.	2 00
A. G. Marshman	2 00	J. B. Brewer	2 00
W. W. Crawford	2 00	W. Soper	6 00
J. L. Waldo	5 00	R. Loudom	2 00
A. A. Southworth	2 00	D. W. Beston	5 00
J. T. Reiman	10 00	J. H. Freed	2 00
J. Carrick	2 00	T. P. Smith	2 00
E. Wells	2 00	A. H. Wilkins	2 00
N. D. French	2 00	R. W. Grayson	5 00
Miss M. E. Beeler	2 00		
October 30.			
C. F. Fisher	2 00	J. Sutzel	2 00
Caleb James	2 00	J. Cone	2 00
H. Ribble	10 00	F. Martin	1 25
A. L. Hunter	2 00	J. Chapman	2 00
W. W. Brown	2 00	J. Broaderick	4 00
J. T. Hinton	5 00	T. C. Lewis	2 00
G. W. Brockway	2 00	R. W. Patten	2 00
R. C. Taylor	2 00	A. H. Sutton	4 00
J. Bacheldor	2 00	W. B. Thompson	2 00
October 31.			
H. Neal	2 00	J. R. McDowell	2 00
C. E. Barnard	2 00	C. Robbins	2 00
M. A. Jenkins	5 00	C. H. Chester	2 00
J. D. Monk	5 00	J. T. Douglass	5 00
N. H. Clark	2 00	E. H. Clark	2 00
R. Raphael	2 00	R. J. Pratt	2 00
Terrence Duffy	2 00	A. H. Black	2 00
J. Frick	2 00	J. T. Deely	2 00
D. Berkelback	6 00	G. W. Wade	2 00
J. S. Green	4 00	A. H. Wall	5 00
November 1.			
J. Leaming	2 00	E. Ladd	3 00
M. B. Catlin	5 00	J. M. Read	2 00
L. Racy	2 00	D. Williamson	2 00
C. M. Wilson	5 00	G. Burnley	2 00
O. Clemons	2 00	M. M. Stevens	2 00
R. Wynne	2 00	J. R. Kenney	2 00
M. Viely	1 00	S. Little	1 00
A. Taylor	2 00	E. Green	2 00
C. Brooks	1 00	B. Shivers	2 00
R. Young	3 00	T. Evans	2 00
T. Gardiner	10 00	T. Massey	2 00
November 2.			
S. Kegg	2 00	J. Dutton	1 00
T. W. Dodson	7 00	W. R. Beatty	2 00
R. L. Edwin	5 00	E. S. Morgan	2 00
A. W. Dean	2 00	B. Worthington	2 00
J. D. Adkin	2 00	E. F. Gay	4 00
W. A. Pierce, agt.	75 00	L. Cook	1 00
J. Miner	1 00		
November 4.			
J. Headley	2 00	J. Jewell	2 00
B. Bryan	5 00	O. W. Hallett	5 00
J. D. Crocker	2 00	Mrs. D. Bissell	5 00
W. Cressler	2 00	R. Hall	2 00
J. Lippincott	5 00	J. Graham	2 00
N. Kingman	2 00	M. W. Starr	2 00
P. R. Cole	2 00	Miss M. Mitchell	2 00
J. Briggs	1 00	C. D. Merton	5 00
November 5.			
Mrs. E. Gladding	1 00	J. D. Newton	2 00
J. Bell & Co.	10 00	R. C. Robb	2 00
T. Cushing	2 00	H. N. Law	4 00
T. Stewart	5 00	P. W. Conrad	2 00
Peter Cotrell	3 50	A. C. Clark	2 00
O. C. Bell	1 50	D. W. Bock	5 00
T. Williams	8 00	R. D. Halsey	2 00
A. C. Pearce	2 00	R. P. Raymond	2 00
November 6.			
J. Beck	2 00	R. Pullerton	5 00
J. Smith	5 00	L. L. Lehman	2 00
H. Chandler	1 00	W. K. Fry	2 00
D. Lockwood	5 00	T. Francis	2 00
R. Garrett	2 00	A. F. Manly	1 25
Z. W. Williams	2 00	Mark Brook	4 00
W. F. Given	6 00	D. P. Sayles	1 00
B. Clark	4 00		
November 7.			
W. H. Costello	1 00	J. Kensley	2 00
M. Binion	2 00	J. Brown	2 00
W. F. Kitchen	2 00	H. Harner	2 00
J. Vaughan	2 00	L. Pennock	2 00
S. B. Small	1 25	J. P. Turner	5 00
N. McClure	2 00	A. D. Freeman	2 00
F. Stanley	2 00	C. H. Wilkinson	2 00
T. Smoyer	2 00	J. P. Stewart	2 00
G. S. Bruce	2 00	C. W. Maslin	5 00
J. Strohm, Esq.	2 00	W. D. Tarver	4 00
W. Tweed	2 00	D. W. Rugg	2 00
November 8.			
A. Rankin	2 00	S. H. Gifford	3 00
A. G. C. Moore	1 00	J. Cochran	2 00
J. Boggs	2 00	E. T. Richardson	2 00
J. F. Masters	5 00	R. Latta	1 67
I. Cooke	2 00	Mrs. L. Latta	1 67
A. W. Motar	2 00	C. H. Richards	2 00
J. Williams	5 00	P. W. Harper	2 00
W. R. Berough	3 00	J. T. Reed	5 00
M. K. Henry	3 00	A. W. Malone	2 00
S. Healy	2 00		
November 9.			
B. W. Reeves	12 00	J. S. Franklin	2 00
J. Cockle	2 00	S. L. Robinson	2 00
W. Akers	2 00	J. S. Borie	2 00
J. M. Conwell	2 00	C. Stapler	2 00
T. Banks	3 00	W. Carver	2 00
W. B. Taylor	2 00	H. White	2 00
Mrs. M. A. Chadwick	8 00	A. White	2 00
W. Hysley	3 00	G. Stout	1 00
S. H. Barratt	3 00	W. Carter	2 00
November 11.			
T. Y. Brent	2 00	S. Young	2 00
B. Featherby	2 00	J. H. Richardson	2 00
E. D. Murray	2 00	D. Johnson	2 00
G. Shafer	2 00	G. Sailor	1 00
S. McMullin	2 00	E. Hardy	2 00
E. Percival, P. M.	10 00	J. Lugon	2 00
J. Ferree	2 00	J. C. Washington	5 00
W. Slade, P. M.	11 25	Capt. F. Lee	5 00
J. M. Goodwin	5 00	C. W. James, agt	52 75
W. Lawtell	2 00	E. James	2 00
S. G. Thornton	4 00		
November 12.			
W. D. Oobrecht	2 00	C. B. Couch	2 00
L. Headley	2 00	E. Ayres	8 00
E. Teague	3 00	T. P. Linton	2 00
B. Treat	1 25	H. W. Roe	2 00
J. A. Koch	2 00	T. R. Reade	5 00
J. A. Stewart	2 00	H. C. Ward	2 00

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LLOYD P. SMITH, Publisher, No. 19 James street, Philadelphia, November, 1844. nov 16-tt

The first work to be published will be a translation from the French entitled "The Three Kingdoms: England, Scotland, Ireland, by the Viscount d'Arlincourt."

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS INDEBTED TO THE ESTATE of FRANCIS KROESON, deceased, late of Moreland Township, Philadelphia county, are requested to make payment, and those having claims against the same are requested to present them for settlement without delay, to MARY ANN KROESON, Executrix.
nov 16-6t* RICHARD LEEDOM, Executor, Moreland.

ALMANAC.

November, 1844.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.	High water.	Moon's phases.
16 Saturday,	7 7	4 53	7 54	
17 Sunday,	7 8	4 52	8 42	D. H. M.
18 Monday,	7 9	4 51	9 26	
19 Tuesday,	7 10	4 50	10 9	
20 Wednesday,	7 11	4 49	10 54	Last 3 5 34
21 Thursday,	7 11	4 49	11 39	New 10 4 51
22 Friday,	7 12	4 48	12 23	First 16 8 45
23 Saturday,	7 13	4 47	1 3	Full 24 6 54

Married,

In this city, on the 12th instant, by the Rev. Wm. A. Wiggins, Mr. Virdon Pritchard, of Newark, Del., to Miss Mary Williams, of Wissahicon, Philadelphia county.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. W. H. Odenheimer, Benj. Scott, Jr. to Emma, daughter of the late Thomas Randall, all of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. A. Barnes, Henry C. Hutman, to Sarah, daughter of Thomas Graham, Esq.

On the 12th inst. by the Rev. Wm. H. Furness, Thos. Lea, to Miriam Morris, daughter of C. P. Iddings, all of Maryland.

At Germantown, on the 7th inst. by Elder P. Keyser, Mr. L. L. Lehman, of Lebanon, Pa. to Elizabeth L. Gorgas, of Germantown.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. George Kempton, S. Kern Ashton, M. D., to Catharine Melissa, daughter of Thomas T. Smiley, M. D., all of this city.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. D. F. Davis, Dr. Thomas A. Reilly, to Henrietta, daughter of Richard Harding, Esq.

On the 5th inst. at Friends' Meeting, in Sixth street, George Gaskill, of Burlington, N. J. to Anna, daughter of the late Ephraim Haines, of this city.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Asher Moore, Charles H. Cheyney, to Cornelia C. daughter of the late Capt. Arthur Stotesbury.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. George Higgins, Mr. Wm. A. Easler, to Miss Adaline O. Gibson, daughter of the late Jacob Gibson, all of Southwark.

On the 13th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Hagany, Mr. Joseph H. Cheadle, to Miss Mary A. Robinson, all of the District of Southwark.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. Edward Covel, Mr. Hiram Walker, to Miss Eveline Cox, all of Philada.

On the 9th inst. by the same, Mr. Joseph Parkins, of Carlisle, England, to Miss Margaret Noble, of Moyamensing.

In Bowdoin, Me. on the 27th ult. Capt. Elijah Allen, of B. aged 78 years, to Miss Mary Graves, of Freeport, aged 75 years. Also, same evening, Mr. Daniel Allen, grandson of the above named Allen, to Miss Charity Curtis, of Webster. Three great-grand-children witnessed the ceremony.

Died,

On the 12th inst. Mrs. Ann Cossart, wife of William Cossart.

On the 12th inst. Mrs. Henrietta Hart, wife of Henry Hart.

On the 12th inst. Jane Thatcher, in the 80th year of her age.

On the 12th inst. James P. Abbott, in the 34th year of his age.

On the 13th inst. Miss Jane Horton, in the 24th year of her age.

On the 12th inst. of scarlet fever, Peter Ramler, son of Peter and Elizabeth Ramler, aged 7 years and 4 mos.

Suddenly, on the 11th instant, Jacob H. Simon, son of Wm. and Mary Simon, in the 18th year of her age.

On the 12th instant, after a lingering illness, John E. Bradley, in the 30th year of his age.

On the 11th inst. Capt. John Jackson, aged 67 years, an old and much respected ship master of this port.

On the 10th inst. Alexander Webb, aged 53 years.

On the 10th inst. of croup, Juliana, daughter of Andrew and Jane Roads, aged 3 years and 6 months.

On the 10th instant, in the 38th year of his age, Jacob Hoffman.

On the 10th inst. Henry Hartle, aged 36 years.

On the 10th inst. in the 22d year of his age, Thomas Singer, son of the late John Singer.

On the 9th inst. U. K. Hill, Esq., Professor of Music, in the 65th year of his age.

On the 9th inst. Catharine Irwel, infant daughter of Peter and Rebecca Heck, in the 17th month of her age.

On the 10th inst. Joseph Black, infant son of Samuel B. and Sarah A. Prackett, aged 2 months.

On the 8th instant, Chester O. Stahl, Printer, in the 32d year of his age.

On the 10th inst. Justus Lowery, formerly of Milton, Delaware, aged 45 years.

On the 25th ult. in Delaware county, Clement Lawrence, aged 78 years.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!!!—THE FOLLOWING persons are authorised to sell Scarpa's Compound Acoustic Oil, for the cure of Deafness, &c.

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Vermont—Burlington, Peck & Spear.
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New Jersey—Newark, W. F. Mercer; Princeton, T. Seabrook; Bridgeton, J. M. Sterling.
Pennsylvania—Philadelphia, Dr. D. Jayne and B. R. Gumpert; Erie, H. Burton & Co.; Pottsville, Eichols & Co.; Pittsburg, A. Jayne; Carlisle, S. Elliott; Reading, E. W. Earl; Harrisburg, D. M'Pherson, Wilkesbarre, Lamb; West Chester, J. Marshall; Lancaster, G. S. Miller; Easton, F. Pomp; Bethlehem, S. Rau.
Maryland—Baltimore, G. I. Duhurst.
District of Columbia—Washington, R. T. Patterson and M. Delany.
Virginia—Wheeling, Dr. J. Crumbacher; Culpepper Court House, L. Benswanger; Petersburg, Rosser & Anderson; Norfolk, M. A. Santos.
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South Carolina—Charleston, P. M. Cohen.
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Tennessee—Nashville, W. W. Berry.
Missouri—St. Louis, R. & J. Adams.
Illinois—Chicago, L. M. Boyce.
Indiana—Indianapolis, Tomlinson & Brothers.
Kentucky—Louisville, Peter & Robinson.
Michigan—Detroit, N. J. Jacobs.
Ohio—Cincinnati, J. W. Sheppard; Athens, Benjamin Brown; Dayton, Ellis & Clifton; Columbus, J. B. Wheaton; Cleveland, Henderson & Punderson.

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All letters must be addressed, post paid, to the General Agents, B. R. GUMPERT, No. 120 north 2d street, or to Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 20 south 3d street, Philadelphia, who have the medicine at wholesale and retail. nov 16-2.

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☞ Editors of newspapers inserting the above three times in a conspicuous place, previous to the first day of December, 1844, and forwarding a paper containing the advertisement to Carey & Hart, will be entitled to receive a copy of the work. nov 2-3t

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Selected Poetry.

THE OLD APPLE TREE.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

I am thinking of the homestead
With its low and sloping roof,
And the maple boughs that sheltered it,
With a green and leafy woof.
I am thinking of the lilac
That shook their purple plumes,
And quiver'd on the sash of upper,
Filled through every room.

I am thinking of the rivulet,
With its cool and silvery flow,
Of the old grey rock that sheltered it,
And the pepper-mint in blow.
I am not and not sorrowful,
Yet memories will come;
So leave me to my solitude,
And let me think of home.

There was not around my birth-place,
A thicker or a fleece,
But childish game or friendly face,
Has given it a power.
To leave me in my after life,
And be with me again,
A quiet and pleasant summary,
Of mingled joy and pain.

But the old and knotted apple tree,
That stood beneath the hill,
My heart one never turn to it,
But with a pleasant thrill.
Oh, what a dreamy life I led,
Beneath its old grey shade,
Where the daisies and the butter-cups,
A pleasant carpet made.

'Twas a rough old tree, in spring-time,
When with a blustering mien,
The wind came heavenly sweeping
Along the frosty ground.
But when there rose a rivalry,
'Twixt clouds and pleasure weather,
'Till the sunshine and the rain-drops
Came hand in hand together.

That patriarch old apple tree
Enjoyed the lovely strife,
The rosy sprays lightly strong in vains,
And circled one life;
A crowd of pale and tender buds
Burst on each rugged bough,
And amid the starting verdure,
The robins made their vows.

That tree was very beautiful
When all the trees were green,
And rosy buds lay sparsing
Amid their tender sheen;
When the bright translucent dew drops
Shed blossoms as they fell,
And crushed in their fragrance,
Like music in a shell.

It was grossest in the summer time,
When cheerful sunlight wave,
Amid its thrifty leafiness,
A warm and glowing love;
When swelling fruit blushed ruddily,
To the greenwood underneath.

'Twas brightest in a rainy day,
When all the purple West,
Was piled with fleecy storm-clouds,
That never seemed at rest;
When old and lulling soberly,
Fell from the dripping eaves,
And soft warm drops came pattering
Upon the rustless leaves.

But, oh, the scene was glorious,
When clouds were lightly riven,
And there came down my valley home,
Came out the bow of Heaven;
And in its fitful brilliancy,
Hung quivering on high,
Like a jeweled arch of Paradise,
Reflected through the sky.

I am thinking of the footpath,
My constant visits made
Between the dear old homestead,
And that leafy apple shade;
Where the flow of distant waters
Came with a trickling sound,
Like the step of a fairy troop
Beneath the fragrant ground.

I haunted it at even-tide,
And dreamily would lie,
And watch the crimson twilight,
Come stealing o'er the sky;
'Twas sweet to see its dying gold
Fade up the dusky leaves,
To hear the swallows twittering
Beneath the distant eaves.

I have listened in the noise—
A low, sweet minstrelsy,
Breathed by a lonely night-bird,
'Tis haunted that old tree,
'Till my heart has swelled with feelings
For which it had no name,
A yearning love of poesy,
A thirsting after fame.

I have gazed up through the foliage,
With dim and tearful eyes,
And seen a holy reverence,
Dwell on the changing skies,
'Till the burning stars were peopled
With forms of spirit birds,
And I've almost heard their harp-strings
Reverberate on earth.

From the Magazines.

FROM THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

THE BLIND PREACHER AND THE BRITISH SPY.

Many of our readers recollect the rapturous tribute paid by the late William Wirt, in one of the letters of his "British Spy," to the fervid eloquence of the "Blind Preacher," the Rev. James Waddell. One is almost led to believe the upwrought eulogy of the gifted author extravagant; but he who so excelled in the graces and power of eloquence must be deemed a competent judge. From his description there were must have been in the oratory of the Blind Herald of the Cross, a charm and efficiency most unusual, which his blindness served only to enhance.

Mr. Wirt dwells particularly upon the matchless manner in which the Preacher quoted the celebrated passage of Rousseau, "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ died like a God." He tried a thousand times, as he role along, to imitate it, but in vain. Ever since he wrote his glowing description, there has been the deepest interest felt in the Blind Preacher. A memoir of him is now in preparation by Alexander of Princeton, which will appear in one of the journals of this city. The following touching account of his restoration to sight will be read with pleasure by every one.—*Ed. Mess.*

To the Editor of the Southern Lit. Messenger

SIR —The following paper was lately brought to my notice in the possession of the author, a descendant of the "Blind Preacher." It was written, as it appears, during the life of Mr. Wirt, and designed for a private communication to him. The amiable modesty of the writer, which led him to withhold it from its original destination, would have detained it still on his files, limited to the residence of his own family. At my earnest solicitation, however, he has submitted it to my disposal, and I hasten to communicate it to your columns, confident that you will agree with me in the opinion that the touching sense of gratitude it records, deserves to be read and transmitted as a part of the well authenticated history of the "Blind Preacher."

Respectfully yours,
Staunton, July 16, 1844. W. R. BAILEY.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE BRITISH SPY

The distinguished notice you have taken of the Rev James Waddell, of Virginia, in the character of the "Blind Preacher," has induced me to give you some account of an event connected with you, and which forms an era in his life—I refer to the restoration of his sight. I do this with less reserve, since it is generally understood that the British Spy had been long a warm friend of the subject of his notice and that his removal from the vicinity of the Blind Preacher, in whose hospitable mansion he had resumed many and warm greetings, had left him uninformed of the event to which I have alluded, and of the circumstances which I propose to detail. You have described him blind, and while occupying the rude enclosure of a forest pulpit, addressing an unseen multitude in strains of eloquence which might captivate cities and win the admiration of grave Senates. The incidents to which I refer were more private—in his own house and in the midst of his family. For eight years he had been blind a stranger equally to the cheerful light of day and the cheering faces of kindred and friends. It will readily be supposed, that in the lapse of t. a great changes had taken place. The infant had left the knee to mix amidst the fields—the youth had started into manhood, and bidding adieu to the haunts of his childhood, had gone forth to act for himself upon the theatre of life, with the hope indeed of again and again looking upon his venerable father, but without hope of that father's ever looking upon him. A calm and patient resignation had settled over the mind of this man of God, as a summer's cloud settles over the horizon of evening, peaceful, hopeful and reclining upon the bosom of Heaven. Every painful solicitude about himself had fled away. The personal peace and Christian submission were calculated, however, to concentrate her reflections and solicitudes upon the destinies of his family, here and hereafter. His eye could not now see for them: but he had a heart to invoke the watchfulness of an eye that neither slumbers nor sleeps, that neither grows dim with age nor any infirmity. His palsied hand could guide them no longer, but patriarchal counsel was freely given and enforced by the tremendous realities of a future existence. The thread to be followed through the labyrinth of life, it was taught, led to the fastnesses in eternity. the responses of the heart to the biddings of conscience would be echoed in eternity—the strings connected with human responsibility must vibrate in eternity—time and all sublunary things should be viewed in the light of eternity. But although the mental vision was acute and widely circumspect, the dark curtain still hung over the organs of sight, and seemed destined to rise no more.

And what if it should be otherwise?—that hope of sight should take the place of resignation to blindness—and more than this, that hope should be turned into fruition—that after the darkness of night years he should be presented with a broad daylight view of everything around him! And this I assure you was almost the fact: for after an operation for cataract, which, in the progress of some years, had rendered light sensible, and then, objects faintly visible,—a strong and well constructed convex lens, procured by the kindness of a distant friend, & enabled him in a moment to see with considerable distinctness. At this juncture, I happened at his residence, called by himself long before *Hopewell*—and now fulfilling, in happy reality, the import of a soft and cheerful name. The scene, without distinguish, was the most moving I had ever witnessed. The father could again see his children who rivetted his attention and absorbed his soul. Among these, questions of inquisitive interest and varied expression were visible in the eye, the countenance and hurried movements. The bursts of laughter—the running to and fro—the clapping of hands—the sending for absent friends—and then the silent tear bedewing the cheek in mute loving interlude—the eager gazes of old servants, and the unmeaning wonder of young ones—in short, the happy confusion from the agitation of joy—all taken together, was a scene better adapted to the pencil than the pen, and which a master's hand might have been proud to sketch. How I regretted that the mantle of some Raphael or Michael Angelo had not fallen upon me; then had my fingers at my fingers' ends been identified with the scene, and others should have been permitted to view upon the canvass what I must fail to describe upon paper.

The paroxysm produced by the arrival of the glasses having passed away, and a partial experiment having satisfied all of their adaptation to the diseased eye; behold! the Patriarch seated upon his large arm-chair, with his children around him, and examining with curiosity the beautiful gems. There was a shyness among the lesser members of the family community while undergoing this fatherly scrutiny not unlike that produced by a long absence. The father's fear in contemplating those most dear to him was never more rationally exemplified, or sagaciously enjoyed than on this occasion.

And now, the venerable man, arising from his seat, and, supported by a long staff which lay convenient to him, had proceeded but a short distance, when the staff itself seemed powerfully, but momentarily, to engage his attention —it had been the companion of his darkest days, the pioneer of his domestic travels, and the supporter of a weak and tottering frame.

He next proceeded to the front door to take a view of the mountains, the beautiful scenbt range stretching out in lovely prospect at the distance of about nine miles. All followed, myself among the rest; and the mountain scene, though viewed a thousand times before, was now gazed upon with deeper interest, and presented a greater variety of beauties than ever. Indeed this mountain scenery ever after continued to delight my unsatisfied vision; whether my attention had not before this been carefully drawn to its beauties, or that the suggestive light, lately imparted with the sympathetic pleasures previously enjoyed, had thrown around me a pleasing delusion, I am unable to decide. Delusion apart, however, this sunny base of the S. W. mountains is a delightful one, distinguished not only by the natural advantages of fertile soil, salubrious climate and beautiful scenery, but by a race noted for the social virtues and for a high order of intellect.

But to return to the individual whom I had left exercising a new born vision upon the external world. The book-case interviews I had looked for with solicitude, and presently had the pleasure of witnessing Watts, and Doddridge, and Locke, and Reid, with a host of worthies, had been the companions of his best days; there had been a long night of separation. The meeting and communion was that of kindred souls, and complimentary alike to his piety, scholarship and taste. The sight of his own hand-writing upon the blank leaves of his books, was in itself a small circumstance, but seemed to affect him not a little, associated no doubt, with various reminiscences of past days.

I left the house full of reflections. I had been always awed by the solemn sanctity and personal dignity of the Blind Preacher. The yearning solicitude which I had just witnessed of such a father over his children, seen now the first time after the dreary blindness of years, had unsilled my feelings. My imagination took flight, and passing rapidly through time, was conducted by the incidents of this day to the resurrection day: when the saint of God, throwing off the trammels of the tomb, with quickened vision, and more than mortal solicitude, casts around for the children of his pilgrimage. Q. P. F.

* The late Dr. Hall, of N. C.

FROM THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

TWO UNPUBLISHED POEMS OF THE LATE THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

Through the medium of a lady friend, whose contributions will, from time to time, enliven our pages, we are enabled to present our readers with a rare treat, in the form of several of the earliest compositions of the late THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, one of the brightest ornaments and upholders of English literature. They have never been published, either here or in Europe, and as mementoes of their lamented author, are priceless.

REGRETS.

'Tis past' yes, her own lips have spoken
The sentence that tells us to part:
The vow that they pledged is broken,
And with it another fond heart:
Yet, though she whom I trusted so freely,
Has rendered love's bidden to me,
The vision I cherished so dearly,
Will love in the heart till I die'

Had I loved her less fondly—less truly,
Or given her all from the start,
Had I been of her notice unworthy,
We had parted, perhaps, as we met.
But her actions—her tenderness all tell her,
My vows could no evil impart;
Every look, every word that I gave her,
Spoke down from heart to heart!

Oh! who shall call woman's love lasting,
Since those she can cancel her vows?
The pangs of the heart she is blasting,
In her turn—rapidly will be hers.
Then alone, ere too late, her soft glances,
Avoid, while you may, the false lure;
And, believe me, ere love can be stricken,
That bosom must better be pure!

FOUR TIMES MET

We met—'twas in a happy hour,
Upon a lovely summer's day
'Twas in thy own secluded bower
In hearing the green leaves played,
Of murm'ring waters dropping down
With that the wild shrub's sweet dew,
And o'er the there in summer's crown
Of leaves and flowers, a brighter gem
Than thee

We met again! no green boughs were o'
Round hills where forms of beauty met;
The face was on my heart engrav'd—
Those images in my mind was set
But other friends thy soft hands press,
And others at thy footstool bent,
And others gazed on thy loveliness —
But not a single glance was sent
To me

Again we met—'twas in the cold,
Cold winter time the happy dream
I love to revel in of old
Had been dispelled. Hope's golden gleam
No longer cheered my lonesome path,
Another one was in my place—
Had won from by a father's breath.
Yet ne'er seem'd bride more full of grace
Than thee.

Once more we met—there want alone,
And pain by thy tears, on that sweet eye,
For he had left the side—had flown
With all—left thee to starve and die!
We met, once once again I prest
(Forgotten each cold word and look)
Thy bosom to my aching breast,
And words of consolation spoke
To thee.

But death's cold hand was on thy brow,
And reason (ev'd upon its seat,
And, like a rose-bud nip'd by snow,
Thou wouldst have been at my feet!
Yet I forget—forgave thee all,
And watch'd beside thee day by day,
Till misery's hand had drawn the pall
Between the world—that still was gay—
And thee.

Our Scrap Book.

A HUNTSMAN'S ADVENTURE.—A couple of geldings, worth £50, with £25 in addition, were last week presented to "Will Long," the celebrated huntsman to the Duke of Beaufort, at a dinner at Petty France, by a number of gentlemen in the habit of joining the Badminton hounds. In returning thanks for his health having been drunk, Long said—For 36 years I have been connected with the noble pack of hounds belonging to his Grace, and I assured myself the other day in making some calculations on the subject. The result is that during the years mentioned, I have ridden 100,000 miles. [Cheers.] The number of large and hair-breadth escapes I have had are beyond calculation. [Laughter.] I have been in at the death of 2,000 foxes. But gentlemen, this is not all. I have a favorite old horse, which you all know well—he is now 29 years of age —who has carried me 17 seasons, and over a distance of 12,000 miles and more; and though he is now, like myself, somewhat the worse for wear, he was all right last season, and those who kept his company did not lose much of the fun. [Cheers.]—*British Mercury.*

TEA-DRINKING IN RUSSIA.—Tea is the principal luxury, besides brandy, in which the muzjik indulges, when in his power. It is common to see him on these occasions call for a samovar, or tea-urn full of water; this he continues pouring through a small tea-pot containing a pinch of tea, until the water is all consumed. He will actually thus imbibe eight, twelve, or fifteen pints of hot liquid at a sitting.

ST. GEORGE, THE CELEBRATED DUELLIST.

He died in a state of poverty, in 1799, at the age of fifty-four. He was justly considered the first swordsman and the best shot of his time. One of his feats was throwing up two crown-pieces in the air and hitting them both with his pistols. He was an excellent musician, amiable and polished in his manners, and of a most agreeable conversation; his humanity and charitable disposition were universally acknowledged; and although engaged in many duels, he had generally been the insulted party, and was well known to avail himself of this reputation to insult any one less skilled in the science of destruction. He was often known, however, to give a salutary lesson to quarrelsome and troublesome young men; and an instance is recorded of his meeting at Dunkirk, in the company of several ladies, a young officer of Hussars, who, not knowing him, was boasting of his skill as a swordsman, and asserting that no fencer in Europe was a match for him. "Did you ever meet the famous St. George!" asked one of the ladies. "St. George! many a time; he could not stand a moment before me!" answered the Hussar, twirling his mustachios. "That is strange," observed St. George, "and I should much like to have a trial of skill with you, young man. Possibly the ladies could procure us foils, and an *assaut d'armes* might entertain them." The young officer assented to the proposal with a smile of contempt; foils belonging to the brother of the lady of the house were produced, and without hesitation the Hussar was preparing to shame his aged antagonist, when, politely addressing the ladies, he asked them to name the buttons he should touch on his adversary's dolman. The delighted women, glad to see a coxcomb corrected, named the number of the buttons; which St. George touched one after the other, and then whipped the foil out of the inexperienced hand of the boaster, who, infuriated by rage and shame, wanted immediate satisfaction; when St. George quietly observed, "Young man, your time is not yet come; you may still live to serve your country: but recollect you have met St. George, for I am that very person who could not at any time prove a match for you."—*Dr. Millingen's History of Dueling.*

Selected Sketches.

EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURE OF FRANCOEUR, THE LUNATIC.

Some years ago, there was stationed on the island of Ratoneau, the centre of three islands on the Coast of Marseilles, and the most deserted of the three, and the name of which was Francœur, who, with his wife and daughter, and another invalid, composed the whole population of the island. Francœur had been once deranged in his mind, and confined in the Hotel de St. Lazare, near Marseilles, a hospital for the reception of lunatics; but, after a time, was discharged as perfectly cured. His comrade and his wife, however, perceiving that he began to show symptoms of derangement, sent information of it to the Governor-general of the three islands, who resided on one of them, named the Chateau d'If. The Governor, not choosing to attempt seizing Francœur singly, for fear of incurring him, sent an order for the whole party to appear before him, hoping, in this way, to get the lunatic quietly and without difficulty into his power. Francœur prepared with the rest to obey the summons; but, at the moment of embarking, when all the other invalid was already in the boat, being seized with a sudden phrenzy, he attempted to stab, first his wife, and then his daughter. They both escaped by jumping hastily into the boat; when, pushing off before he had time to follow them, and hastening away to the Chateau d'If, they left him alone on the island.

His first movement, on finding himself without control, was to take possession of a small fort where were two or three guns mounted, with a little powder and ball; and, shutting himself up in it, he began a cannonade upon the Governor's house which did some damage. The Governor on this sent a boat with five invalids of his own garrison, bearing an order to Francœur to appear before him, but the latter, shut up in his fort, told those who brought the summons to carry back to the Governor that his father was Governor of the island of Ratoneau, and being his sole heir, the right of domain there had devolved entirely on him, nor would he yield it up while a drop of blood remained in his veins. The messengers, finding him in this mood, set off, and returned with the joke, hastily withdrew. Francœur then began a second cannonade on the Governor's chateau, but, after firing a few shots, he was diverted from this object by the appearance of a large bay within gun-shot, to which this battery was now directed. The Captain, greatly surprised at finding himself treated in this unhospitable manner, on the old man, she was "found moaning." the Governor replied, that he wanted a supply of biscuit and wine, and if they were not sent immediately, he would sink the vessel. The Captain, glad to compromise matters so easily, sent the supplies required, and, whether being such that he could not stand out to sea at the moment; but as soon as it was in his power, he hastened to remove from so disagreeable a neighbor. Three or four other vessels in succession, which approached the island within reach of my Lord Governor's guns, were, in like manner, laid under contribution; nor were the fishermen spared, but were obliged to furnish their quota towards the supply of his Excellency's table.

The Governor of the Chateau d'If, stiffnuwilling to sacrifice the life of the unfortunate lunatic, sent a second party from his garrison, with orders to seize him, under pretence of demanding a reinforcement from the fort having taken their measures ill, or from cowardice, they were obliged to return without accomplishing their purpose. Extremely embarrassed how to proceed with a man, who, though not accountable for his actions, was in a situation where he might do mischief, the Governor of the Chateau d'If sent to the Duke de Villars, who, as Governor of Provence, was then at Marseilles, requesting what steps were to be done. The Duke immediately despatched a party of five and-twenty grenadiers, with a sergeant at their head, who had orders to land in the night, and get possession of the fort by means of scaling ladders while the Governor was asleep. This was done accordingly, and his Lordship was extremely surprised, when he awoke in the morning, to find himself surrounded by an armed force. Perceiving that resistance was useless, he said that he was very ready to surrender to the Duke de Villars, on honorable terms, but that on no account would he enter into any negotiation with the Governor of the Chateau d'If, as much as the proposed were, that, for the accommodation of his sovereign, he would consent to exchange his government of the Island of Ratoneau for that of the house of St. Lazare, whither he had sense enough to perceive he was about to be conducted; but he insisted on being permitted to march out of the fort with the honors of war, and an instrument drawn up in the proper form, which should confirm to himself and his heirs for ever his government of St. Lazare, while it contained his renunciation of all his rights to the Island of Ratoneau.

A promise was made that these stipulations should be faithfully fulfilled to him, shouldering a musquet, he marched out of the fort with great solemnity, and there grounding it, walked on quietly to the boat. This ended his sovereignty of three days over an island without subjects.

SPECTRE OF THE BROCKEN MOUNTAIN.

This is one of the most curious and interesting and atmospheric phenomena, or deceptions, which produces the most impressive effects, and which, under peculiar circumstances, assume the character of the horrible and alarming. Of this description of natural objects, these is none, perhaps, possessing equal claims to our wonder and admiration as the Spectre of the Brocken, an aerial figure which is sometimes seen among the Hartz mountains in Hanover. This phenomenon has been witnessed by various travellers, and among them, M. Haue, a scientific traveller, from whose relation the following particulars are extracted.

"Having ascended the Brocken Mountain for the thirteenth time, I was at length so fortunate as to have the pleasure of seeing this interesting phenomenon. The sun rose about four o'clock in great splendor, and the atmosphere being quite serene towards the east, its rays could pass without any obstruction over the Heerwischlohbe Mountain in the southwest, although towards the mountain Achtermannshohe, a brisk west wind carried before it thin transparent vapors. About a quarter past four, I looked round to see whether the atmosphere would permit me to have a free prospect to the southwest, when I observed at a very great distance towards the Achtermannshohe, *a human figure of tremendous size*, apparently *a quarter of a mile in stature!* a feeling of terror and astonishment oppressed me under which a person of weaker nerves might well have sunk, but I was relieved by an accidental circumstance. A violent gust of wind having almost carried away my hat, I clapped my hand to it, and in moving my arm to settle my head, *the colossal figure did the same*. The pleasure which I felt at this discovery can hardly be described, for I had already walked many a weary step in the hope of seeing this shadowy image, without being able to gratify my curiosity, or form any distinct idea of it. I immediately made another movement, by bending my body, and the colossal figure before me repeated it. I was desirous of doing the same thing once more, but my colossal friend had vanished. I remained in the same position, awaiting to see whether it would return; and in a few minutes it again made its appearance on the Achtermannshohe. I then called the landlord of the neighboring inn; and having both taken the position which I had taken alone, we looked towards the Achtermannshohe, but did not perceive anything. We had not, however, stood long, when two such colossal figures were formed over the above eminence, which repeated their complements by bending their bodies as we did, after which they vanished. We retained our position, kept our eyes fixed on the spot, and in a little time the two figures again stood before us, and were joined by a third; (that of a traveller who then came up and joined the party.) Every movement made by us, these figures imitated; but with this difference, that the phenomenon was sometimes weak and faint, sometimes strong and well defined."

THE BRIDAL.

My heart is like a stream which sendeth up
In brightest sunlight—tribute for a time!

I seldom see a bridal,
That my eyes have not wet,
I never see a bridal,
That I do not feel regret.
That many a thing that wreak of hope,
Life's mildew must be cast,
That flowers bow bright and pure as e'er,
Must fade and fall at last.

For well I know, though hearts of love
Should never know of chill,
And the warm vows of early youth
Be kept in fondness still,
Apart from those is no such change—
Too many clouds of woe—
Which can but mar their shadowings
On every path below!

Dimness with all its hours of pain—
Its sympathies—its fears—
And death! which ever waits to choose
The wearied one of years,
Or the sorrowing heart which mourners not,
But like a broken shell,
Has ceased its native music,
And would fain bid earth farewell!

There are sorrows for the parent—
Oh, who'd the dread repute,
And the graves of many a household
Shall tell of human woes,
Which come not but life's error—
Which mark not human will,
But are whispers of a mystery
We hath time will ne'er reveal!

There are sorrows for the parent—
Those "living arrows" pass
The hand that would direct them—
And the heart that would sustain,
That beats but for their happiness—
That would yield its life to save,
Oh bows beneath their thankleseness,
And sinks into the grave!

Aye—'tis not that mahes life's journey
A thorny road, or indeed—
Death might o'erchange our sky with clouds,
But the rainbow would succeed—
And flowers are ever round spring, though winter's snow
Had lain upon earth's breast,
And the stream be clear and calm again,
When the storm should give it rest—

But when affection changes,
And love is idly thrown
Back on the shrine that offered it,
To perish there alone;
Or live and grow by meaner light,
Within an anguished heart,
'Tis of these things write life's pages o'er,
With a consuming smart!

I have seen so *oft these* changes,
That I am wrung with pain,
And I cannot see a bridal now,
But my fears awake again.
Lest coldness, and indifference—
Unkindness and distrust,
Should breath upon that holy chain
The poesy of first rust.

Ask those who life's terseness in
Stern poverty have proved—
Ask the mother who has buried
The little ones she loved—
Ask any, all, who're quaffed of grief,
If that was as bitterest drop,
And they'll answer (if they've known it)
'Twas the heart's dream breaking up.

From their fond and high imaginings,
To feel that aught could mar,
In the breast of their love, and hope,
Their heart's confided star,
To know that *it* is and *dearest*,
Their claim no more could be—
'Tis well, for one that strong, wild throne,
Can agitate life's sea!

Western Sketches.

THE MORMON CITY.

The following account of Nauvoo is contributed to the Boston Transcript by a correspondent. The reader will find it interesting.

NAUVOO. *Its location: how the Mormons came by it. The characteristics of the city. Houses: different sects are not of the Church. Temple: sculptured pilasters; interior finish; brazen laver erected by voluntary labor; the city will never be abandoned by its builders.*

When the Mormons were driven from Missouri, after passing through a series of hardships of a very trying character, the present site of Nauvoo was selected by Sidney Rigdon, for a town. Several land claims were purchased by him, and sold by him to the different parcels, constituted a Mormon territory. The chartered limits include a plat four miles long, by three in breadth—all laid out into squares and streets, at right angles, and on a large scale. The country is favorable to the taste of those who projected the plan. Those who have examined Nauvoo with any degree of care, acknowledge that it possesses the elements of the most elegant city of the West.

When the first settlers became the new owners, there were neither inhabitants or dwellings; yet in the short period of three years, there were one thousand houses, and now the population is not far from sixteen thousand, and the number is increasing, notwithstanding the universal opinion of their enemies, that the spell is broken and the Mormon community will soon be dissolved. In a word, Nauvoo is the largest city in the State of Illinois—and regarded in all respects, one of the greatest curiosities of that part of the Continent. Nauvoo is divided into four wards, and governed by a Mayor, eight Aldermen, and eight persons Councilmen—constituting the city government.

Property is not held in common, as frequently represented; many persons holding real estate in the city, are not Mormons, yet their rights are respected as much as those of the Church. The care as they would be in Boston or New York There is not a square in the whole city that has not a building upon it. The squares being about an acre large, the houses have the appearance of being spread over a prodigious extent of surface—all portions, therefore, not occupied by buildings, are cultivated. As the population increases, the gardens will be fewer in number, and smaller in their dimensions.

All the Mormons do not reside in the city; if they did, their number would increase the astonishment which already prevails. They extend both up and down the river for nearly thirty miles—and in many places quite a town is growing up on the Missouri side, opposite Nauvoo. The ground plot of Nauvoo is shapen somewhat like an ox-bow. The river embraces two sides of it—while the back ground rises magnificently about a mile from the Mississippi, giving the observer a vast field of vision over the most lovely rural scenery imaginable.

At the summit, overlooking the whole landscape for nearly twenty-five miles in all directions, stands the mormon Temple, the largest structure in any of the Western States. When completed, it is assumed that the entire cost will not vary much from four hundred thousand dollars. Nothing can be more original in architecture—each of its four pilasters rests upon a block of stone, bearing in relief on its face, the profile of a new moon, represented with a nose, eye and mouth, as sometimes seen in almanacs. On the top, not far from fifty feet high, is an ideal representation of the rising sun, which is a meridionine prominent stone face, the features of which are colossal and singularly expressive. Still higher, are two enormously large hands grasping two trumpets crossed. These all stand out on the stone boldly. Their finish is admirable and as complete as any of the best specimens of chiseling on the Girard College, at Philadelphia. The interior is to be one vast apartment, about 128 feet by 80, simply subdivided by three great veils, or rich crimson drapery, suspended from the ceiling, overhead. Neither pews, stools, cushions, or chairs are to encumber the holy edifice. In the basement is the font for baptism—which, when completed according to the design, will be a pretty exact imitation of the brazen laver in Solomon's temple. The tank is garage eight feet square, resting on the backs of twelve carved oxen. They are of noble dimensions, with large spreading horns, represented to be standing in water half way up to their knees. The execution of the twelve oxen evinces a degree of ingenuity, skill and perseverance that would redound to the reputation of an artist in any community. When they are finally gilded, as intended, and the laver is made to resemble cast brass, together with the finishing up of the place in which this unique apparatus of the church is lodged—as a whole, that part of the temple will be one of the most striking artificial curiosities in this country.

When the officiating priests in their long robes of office lead on a solemn procession of worshippers through the sombre avenue of the basement story, chanting as they go, the effect must be exceedingly imposing to those who may deplore the infatuation of a whole city of Mormon devotees.

Although estimated to cost so large a sum, the walls of the temple are gradually rising from day to day by the concurrent, unceasing labor of voluntary laborers. Every brother gives one day in ten to the undertaking. Thus there are always as many hands employed as can be conveniently on the work at the same time. The architect and different master-workmen are constantly at hand to direct the operations. Each day, therefore, ushers in a new set of operatives.

Some fine brick buildings are already raised on the different streets, and stores are continually going up. Even were the Mormons to abandon the city, as it is asserted that they will, somebody will own the property—and a city it is, and a city it will continue to be, of importance, unconnected with the false religious tenets of its inhabitants. But the Mormons will never leave Nauvoo—no, never. Its associations are hallowed in their excited imaginations. They would relinquish life as soon as they would voluntarily *en masse*, leave—their glorious habitation, which to them is the gate of Heaven.

Choice Selections.

"NOT A DROP MORE, MAJOR, UNLESS IT'S SWEETEN'D."

In a small village, in the southern section of our State, resides a certain Major, who keeps a small, cosey, comfortable little Inn, famous for its *sweetened drinks*, as well as jovial landlord; and few of the surrounding farmers visit the neighborhood, without giving the Major a call, if only to taste his *mother!* The gay host, with jolly phiz, round person, bright eye, and military air, deals out the rations spiced with jokes, which, if they are not funny, are at least laughed at, for the Major enjoys them so vastly himself, that his auditors are forced to laugh out of pure sympathy.

A good old couple, who resided about six miles from the Major's, for a long period had been in the habit of visiting him once a month, and as regularly went home dreadfully *sweetened* with the favorite *mixture*, but of late, we learn, the amicable relations existing between the Major and his old visitors have been broken off by green-eyed jealousy. On the last visit, great cause was given for an end being put to any more "sweet drinking."

"Uncle Merril, how *are* you *any* how," was the Major's greeting, "and I declare if the Missus ain't with you, too!"—just as if he expected such an event. "What! you Mrs. Mimms! shall I *sweeten* you a little of about *the best* Cincinnati rectified that ever was *toted into these 'ere parts*? it just looks as bright as your eyes!" and here the Major winked and looked so sweet, there was no mistaking, and she *did* take a little sweeten'd, and more, after a very brief period, she commenced *repeating*.

The hours flew merrily by, and evening found the old couple so overloaded with sweets, that it was with great difficulty they could be seated on the old gray mare, to return home; but, after many a kind shake from the host, and just another drop of his unsanctified, off they jogged, see-sawing from side to side, on the critter, the old lady muttering her hasty pudding, and the old man too full to find words to express himself.

"Ah! another man as that Major," says she, "ain't nowhere—and sich a mixtur' as he does make, a body can't get nowhere's else—there is'nt ne amazin' nice man, and, if any thing, he sweetens the last drop better than the first. Good gracious! What a pleasin' creature he is!"

Ever and anon these encominums on the Major and his mixture broke from the old lady, until of a sudden, on passing a small rivulet, a jolt of the mare's silenced them, and the old man broke out in a hearty laugh at the perfect quietness. At length he broke out with—

"Old woman, you and that 'ere Major's conduct, to-day, was *rayther* unbecomin'—his *formalities* was too sweet to be mistook, and you ain't quite sweet enough for a hurry."

There was no reply.

"Oh, you're huffy, are you?" continued the old man. "Well, I guess you can stay so, till you git, e in"—and on he jogged, in a silently jealous mood. On arriving at the farm, he called to a negro to lift the old woman off, but Sam, the nigger, stood gazing at him in silent astonishment.

"Lift her off, you Sam, do you hear? and do it carefully, or some of her wrath'll bile out. In spite of the Major's sweetnin' she's mad as murder."

"Why, de *lor'*, massa, de ole 'oman aint dar." replied Sam, his eyes standing out of his countenance. "She's turn round, and gone to satisfy your self dat de ole 'oman clar gone an massin—de *lor'*!"

And sure enough, on a minute examination of the cart, the old man, she was "found moaning." The Major was charged at once with adduction, instant measures were taken for pursuit, and a party despatched to scour the roads, on proceeding about two miles on the road to the Major's, the party was suddenly halted at the small rivulet, by finding the Missus with her head lying partly in the little stream, its waters laving her lips, and softly murmuring—

Not a drop more, Major, *unless its sweeten'd!!!*
St. Louis Reveille.

"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."

BY T. V. FOSSIERRY

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward into souls afar
Along the Psalmist's music deep
Now tell me if that any can
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

What would one give to our beloved?
The best he hath to give—
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,
The sweets about for patriot wore,—
The hero's courage to fight the brave,—
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?
A little hope to oversweep,
A little dose to overweep,
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake,—
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

Sleep soft, beloved! we sometimes say,
But have no power to chase away
Sad dreams that shipright the eyelids creep,
But never doleful dreams again
Shall break the happier slumber when
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

Oh, earth! so full of dreary noises!
Oh, men! with wailing in your voices!
Oh, delved gold! the wailer's heap!
Oh, strife! O, curse! O, cark and care!
God makes a silence through you all,
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

His dream drop not, his eyelids fall,
His cloud above it sailed all,
Through an its slope men toil and reap
More softly than it sleeps on sheep.
Oh cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

Yea! men may wonder while they scan
A lingering, blooming, delicate man,
Sufficient such a rest to keep,
But angels say, and through the word,
I think they smile to hear it said,
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

For me my heart—that erst did go,
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears and shuts its eyes,
Would from its wizard visions close,
And childlike on His love repose,
Who "giveth his beloved sleep."

And friends,—dear friends—when it shall be
That this live breath is gone from me,
And mine sweet dust is left to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall,'—
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

MESSIAH'S ADVENT.

"He came unto his own, and his own received him not."
St. John's, i. 11.

He came unto his own, a day
Of miracle and might,
When sun-struck nations owned their sway,
And conquered Death to flight—
When Nature's veil was wonder-worn
Her ancient power, her haunted law,
To frolic men gave way—
The elements at earth and heaven
Fire latent stayed,—for Judah lived!

Pillar and cloud Jehovah gave,
High emblem of his grace,
And clave the rock, and smote the wave,
Moved mountains from their place:—
But judgment was with mercy blend,—
In thunder was the promise sent—
Flame lightning sealed his face:
The jealous God—the burning law—
Were all the chosen people saw.

Behold them—pilgrim tribes no more—
The promised land their own,
And blessings theirs of sea and shore,
To other realms unknown!
From age to age a favored line
Of mighty kings, and seers divine,
A temple and a throne
But there, but in their hour of shame,
Who, wept, and weakness—then "He came."
Not in the earthquake's rending force,
Not in the blasting fire,
Not in the strong winds rushing course,
Came He, their mail's desire!
Extinguished his coming there,
Proclaiming over earth and sea,
As God, his might and ire
The still small voice—the hovering dove,
Proved him Messiah—spoke him "Love"!

Of life the way, of light the spring
Eternal, undefiled
Redeemer, Prophet, Priest, and King—
Yet came he as a child!
And God's favored eye crowned him,
Knew not he promised Lord in Him,
The lowly and the mild!
Blue saw the manger, and the tree,
And sceptred crime—"Can this be He"?—*Amelia*

COOL ANSWER.—"Did it hurt you?" said a man to another whose head he had knocked down. "Oh, not at all—how is it with you?" as he coolly performed the same ceremony upon him.

KING HEROD'S FEAST.

The feast was decked in King Herod's hall,
And the banner-cheer bright as the gilded wall;
A hundred globes are crowned with wine,
A hundred guests at the board recline;
But where is the harp-wife in festive strain?
Where the fairy dance of the virgin train?
Is the minstrel dumb, or the harp-string broke
That not of all the jovial song awoke?
Are the damsels coy that the dance has ceased,
And the guests sit mute at the royal feast.

King Herod looked on the princely throng,
But in vain he sought for mirth or song;
And he cried, as he viewed their joyless mien,
"I'll have naught but joy on my birth-day seen!"
Hence, hence for the daughter of Phillip's race,
She shall cheer my guests with her exquisite grace.
Where be many maids that are bright and fair,
But none can in beauty with her compare:
And the man who is sad when her eyes look on,
Must be ill for the hermit's cave alone."

The princess came at the King's command,
The fairest maid in Judea's land,
She wasted her steps from forth again,
All the court with delight danced to the gladsome strain,
So gaily she bounds, and so light her tread,
Like a fleeting spirit the sadness fled.
The wine-cup is filled, and the revelry swells,
And the saddest once, are the gayest now
He wave and, indeed, who could shed a tear
While so fair a maiden was tripping near.

King Herod looked on the princely throng,
Now all was laughter, and joy, and song,—
And "What," he cried, "shall the guerdon be,
Ask it, fair maid, and I give it to thee,—
Be it wealth, or power, be